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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 831. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

JOHN BULL'S XMAS GIFT TO YOU. (SEE PAGE 2)

JOHN BULL'S XMAS XTRA Get it on Friday 6D.

SECRET SOCIETY'S AMAZING EXPLOITS

Make yourself a 'Black Cat' Costume

It need cost you nothing. Persuade your male friends to save the coupons from Black Cat Cigarettes—the very best value for money.

All the material required together with full instructions for making up, sent post free. Send coupons to

BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO. (Dept. 8), 238, City Road, E.C.

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 *for* 6D.

D. 8

John Bull's Xmas Gift to You!

A 17/6 Pen for 8/9

and a chance to win £3000

HERE is JOHN BULL'S Christmas Surprise to its readers: A Grand Offer consisting of a JOHN BULL Lever Self-Filling Model Pen, price 8/9, equal in every respect to Pens costing double the price, and, IN ADDITION, a 2/6 Voting Coupon in the Great Poster Ballot, the easiest and the most fascinating Ballot ever devised. This Voting Coupon we present to you as our Free Xmas Gift—it may win you a magnificent Prize.

What You Get in Your Christmas Surprise Packet:

1.—A 17/6 Pen at Half-price.
2.—A Free 2/6 Voting Coupon which entitles you to:
3.—A chance to win one of the following magnificent Prizes: First Prize, £2,000. Second Prize, £1,000. Third Prize, £250. Fourth Prize, £200. Fifth Prize, £100, and numerous other Cash Prizes from £10 to £1—in all, £5,000.

Think! A Pen for your friend—a Prize for yourself! The Coupon below will bring both the Pen and the Voting Coupon. Send To-day.

The Finest Pen Value in the World.

Beautifully chased barrel, hand cut; large size 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium-tipped and smooth as velvet: guaranteed for five years. The latest improvements and every refinement. Money refunded if not delighted. Price 8/9—equal in every respect to a 17/6 pen

JOHN BULL'S Xmas-Gift-Coupon £5000 in PRIZES

To "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I enclose Cheque/Postal Order for 9s. (including 3d. for postage and insurance). Please send me a "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Model Pen, and include without extra charge a 2s. 6d. Voting Coupon in the Great Poster Ballot, together with full particulars of entry.

State if broad, medium or fine nib is required. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE ..... J.B. 2-12-22.

MR. J. THOMSON, 125, Balfour Street, Kirkcaldy, who earns £13 15s. in one week as a "JOHN BULL" Representative.

Don't envy Mr. Thomson his £13 per week salary

become a "John Bull" Representative and earn a big salary too!

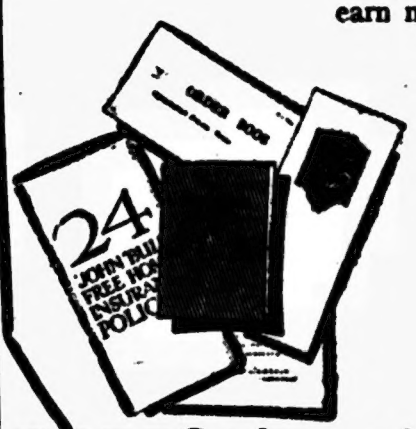
EFFICIENCY PRIZES.

Awards for week ending Tuesday November 14th:—First Prize, £3—Mr. B. Jenkins, 34, Drummond Street, Edinburgh. Second Prize: £2—Mr. E. G. Williams, 11, King George Crescent, off Padgate Lane, Warrington. Third Prize: £1—Mr. T. Whittaker, P. O. Padgate, Warrington.

MR. THOMSON wanted to earn more money. He saw our great employment offer in "JOHN BULL," wrote for the Golden Book and Free Working Outfit, and the result you see shown above.

Why don't you do the same? The splendid success with which Mr. Thomson is meeting is a success shared by hundreds of men and women all over the country.

You need no experience or outlay. So well have we mapped out the way for you, that you can commence to earn money from the start.



FREE!

Write for the Golden Book!

Write for our Golden Book which fully explains our plan. With it you will receive a complete Working Outfit, which enables you to earn money straightaway. Sign the coupon now.

Cut here and earn extra money

To JOHN BULL Insurance Department, Section 2, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I desire to become a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. Please send me Free and Post Free and without obligation on my part, "JOHN BULL'S" GOLDEN BOOK, together with a complete working outfit for securing *new* registered readers.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date ..... J.B.2.12.22.

Post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

115 More Insurance Claims paid—publication of names and addresses unavoidably held over.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS.
MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

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MONEY MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High-street, Manchester.

£20 CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, Clothing.—H. MARKS, 51 and 52 Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY REMNANTS (wholesale). Reduced Prices. 20-page Price List free, full of Bargains in General Drapery, Fents, Blouses, Overalls, Hosiery, etc. Try a £1 or £2 Blouse Length Parcel for large profits.—HARRY H. CLEGG (Dept. L.), 96, High Street, Manchester. (The Largest Firm.)

DRAPERY, Remnants, Readymades, Up-to-date Stock. Drapers, Shopkeepers and Market Sellers supplied. Parcels from 6/-. Bales from £2 10s. Free Catlg. Sound advice for beginners. Wholesale only. Carr. pd. and discount on gross value £5 and upwards. The British Firm. Est. 30 years.—F. Andrew & Co. (Dept. 15), 50, George Street, Manchester.

A SURE LIVING.—Start business at once. We have the right goods, sell at sight and at low prices. Drapery, Hosiery, Blouses, Overalls, etc. Send at once for our Catalogue, and you can start making money at once.—B. WEINER, J.B., 78a, TIB STREET, MANCHESTER.

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AGENTS wanted everywhere, whole or spare time, either sex; liberal terms. Write now.—Mr. Edgar (Dept. B31), 45, Chancery La., London.

ADD to your weekly earnings by selling in spare time, Boots, Clothing, Household Drapery, Rugs, Carpets, etc. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men showing or work apply to Freemans, Contractors H.M. Govt., Lavender Hill, London.

£5 PER WEEK EASILY EARNED by becoming a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. No experience or outlay needed.—Write for Free Book and Free Working Outfit, JOHN BULL, Section 2, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AGENTS wanted to sell Suit-Coating Lengths. No outlay.—Write, Norman K. Sykes & Co., Cloth Hall Street, Huddersfield.

EMIGRATION.

FARM LABOURERS, experienced, WANTED for ONTARIO, Canada; to sail next spring. Also farmers with small capital. Situations guaranteed. — Particulars free from Ontario Government Office, 163, Strand, London, W.C.2.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

ADVERTISERS.—The most powerful Combination of "County," "Country and "Net Sale" Newspapers ever collected in one group at inclusive rates of 7/- per line, 65/- per inch, with service, Territory, 20 counties. Also, 56 Provincial Newspapers or 46 London and Suburban at 3/11 per line, 39/- per inch (13 insertions). Write or call for Prospectuses.—Beaumont and Dickson (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Phone: City 842.

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1000 EVERYDAY Money-Making Opportunities. Contains 129 Spare-time Employments, 41 Money-making Schemes (small capitalists), 200 Trade Secrets, 150 Patent Medicine Formulas; 1/- post paid.—J. B. Wilkes, Stockton, Rugby.

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WHEN YOU ADVERTISE, let us insert your announcement in our 50 Provincial papers (14 words for 5/6. Prospectus free.—Fuller, Ltd., 10, Crompton Row, W.C.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

BOOTS!—The most wonderful Cycle Book ever published. Absolutely free. Cycles! Tyres! Accessories! Just write "Catalogue, Please." Postcard to H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Bury.

WRITE for our Catalogue of Boots, clothing, furnishings, clocks, accordions, etc., on easy terms, 4/- monthly.—Masters, Ltd., Hope Bye.

BARGAINS.—Biggest and best Buying Guide out. 144 illustrated pages; astonishing price reductions. Many lines below cost. Free on request. Write NOW.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Padiham, Burnley.

BILLIARD Table to place on your dining room £7 15s.; suit any room; easy payments. Write for free list to E. J. Riley, Ltd., Barbican Works, Accrington.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS will welcome the "Ivan" Cigarette Case, in real black leather. Holds 20 cigs. It is double size with neat extra flap. A strong, beautiful case at half shop prices. Get one now. An ideal present. 3/3, post free.—Wilson, Cash Traders, Aberpeeg.

Solid Gold Nib Iridium tip lever filler Fountain Pen, 3/6, post free.—Edwards and Co., 317, High Holborn, W.C.1.

WHY DO I SELL BLANKETS CHEAP (not Shoddy Blankets)? Because I buy direct for cash. Blankets, bordered and whipped, full single bed size, 50 x 70 in., 9/- per pair, carr. paid; 58 x 78 in., bordered and whipped, white, 10/- pair, carr. paid.—John Bell, 11, Chapel Walks, Manchester.

WONDERFUL VALUE and A SPLENDID PRESENT. Send us 1/6, together with photograph, and we will make you a 16 in. Portrait Enlargement. Packed and carriage paid post free to any address. MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.—New Era Photo Company, Norfolk Lane, Sheffield.

CHINA, Earthenware, crates from £3. Tea, Dinner and Toilet ware, great variety. Lists free.—Denbigh Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

INEXPENSIVE PRESENTS. — Specially designed Picture Postcard Albums for Kinema Stars, beautifully bound, lettered in gold "My Film Favourites." To hold 150 cards, price 1/6; to hold 200, 2/-; all post free.—Pictures, Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT LENGTHS, Overcoatings and Velours. Any length cut. Patts free.—The Bradford Tweed Co (Dept. 10), 22, Victoria Sq., Bradford.

BEAUTIFUL Suede Leather, all colours, 11d. per ft.; send 2d. stamp for full set of patts.—A. Catt, Northampton.

ESSANKO'S SERVICEABLE GIFT, men's woollies for cold days, all wool, long sleeves, two pockets, colours grey, fawn, steel, heather, 6/11, carriage 6d. Money refunded if not satisfied.—Stephenson, Dept J, 12, Greens End, London, S.E.18.

OVERCOATS, Suits, Costumes turned, retailored as new; invisible repairs; price list.—Suit Turning Co., Dept. J., 37, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

25/-. GENT'S ALL-WEATHER COAT. 25/-. Positively biggest bargain ever offered. Guaranteed made of genuine Govt. sheeting, taped seams, storm collar, deep pockets, wind straps on cuffs, smart and comfortable, fawn shade. State chest measurement (sizes 34 to 44 in.) Send 25/- only to-day.—Kenn & Co. (Dept. J.B.), Market Place, Doncaster. Money back if not satisfied.

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ALL ABOUT WIRELESS.—Send for Booklet, 64 pages, with many illustrations. "Wireless Made Easy." Simple, concise explanation of wireless wonder. Post free, 6d. stamps.—The City Wireless Depot (Dept. N.), 17, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

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ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

IF YOU ARE not keen to make big money as a Commercial Traveller, don't answer this advertisement; if you are, we can help you.—Write for our free booklet, Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

MAKE FEAR IMPOSSIBLE.—Be sure of yourself. Master Emotional Weaknesses. Cultivate absolute self-mastery. Amazing results effected by simple practice, you can call to your aid in any emergency. Personally dictated Course of Instruction. Free to all who have the initiative to send name and address. Do not enclose stamps or fee.—D. Dumoret, Physio-psychologist (Box 122), 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

AUGMENTED EARNING POWER is assured by training under the METROPOLITAN COLLEGE. Unique Postal Course of Spare-time Study all business subjects. Send postcard today for "Guide to Careers in Business"—132 pp., free.

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SCRIPT SHORTHAND, the original "easy" Scripthand system. Still easiest to learn, to write and to read.—Full particulars and first lesson post free from Dept. I, Script Shorthand, 126, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver, with official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1. Also advanced and Engineering Courses.

LEARN the Mail Order Business and be your own master; £5 capital can make £500 a year. Write for particulars to Dept. W52, Shaw Institute, 1, Montague Street, W.C.1.

HOW to secure a congenial Government, Municipal or Secretarial position in the shortest possible time. — Address, Principal, Sanitary Training College, 335 High Holborn, London.

LEARN "New Rapid" Sloan-Duployan Shorthand. Complete Postal Course, One Guinea. Shorthand Assn. Ltd., 2, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.1.

WHERE SUCCESS IS WAITING.—Write at once for free particulars.—The Home Study Association, 50, Ashby Street, Norwich.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

ENERGOTS BRING HEALTH, clear eyes, faultless complexion, strenuous vitality, strong nerves, perfect digestion, and a happy disposition. One tablet daily. Trial Box (60 tabs.), 1/6.—Energots (Dept. J.B.), 12, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.1.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — Children and adults cured by Parker's Prescription. Send postcard for circular. Parker (J.B.), 13, Orphan Street, Liverpool.

☛ *"Small Ads. Worth Watching."*

Continued on page 25.

Be sure you read them.

From a Photo by Personality Photo Press
CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED SUIT.

A 6 GUINEA ALL WOOL Blue Serge SUIT for £3 : 10 : 0 TO MEASURE.

Indigo Dyed, London Shrunk and absolutely guaranteed

ALL WOOL

By Conditioning House Certificate quoted below.

Cut and tailored to your own measurements (we are exclusively measure tailors doing no ready-made trade). You will have a suit produced by experts with eighteen years' actual and practical experience of clothes building.

Report of the Conditioning House on the material from which this remarkable £3 10 0 Blue Serge Suit is made:

"I HAVE ANALYSED THIS PATTERN OF CLOTH, AND FIND IT COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF WOOL." Signed E. H. TOWNEND, for the CITY OF BRADFORD CORPORATION

NO OTHER FIRM IN THE WORLD COULD WORK ON OUR LOW MARGIN OF PROFIT.

£4 : 10 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
£2 : 10 : 0
Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL OVERCOAT
"Warmth without weight"
To measure for
£2 : 2 : 0
(lined throughout)
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

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PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS.
The Choicest products of our very best English Mills
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To measure
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this Suit could be wished.

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To measure for
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BOND STREET LINNER SUIT for
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Full Swallow Tail EVENING DRESS
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With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us, but 2/6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise? Obviously not.

YOU HAVE THEREFORE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEING OUR PATTERNS. and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else. **WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.**

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

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(J.B. Dpt.) 26, City Rd., London, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

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THE NEW CONFECTION.

A blend of choice, clean-cut Brazil-nuts with a delightful new Clarnico Caramel. A revelation of deliciousness—the result of 50 years' confectionery experience.

Ask your Confectioner for a supply.

Per **8d.** ¼ lb.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.
Founded in 1872.

LILY BRAZILS

£1000 GIVEN AWAY AS XMAS GIFTS

All you need to do is to send for one or more pairs of boots or shoes and you will receive by Return of Post a FREE CASH COUPON as a XMAS PRESENT together with your order. Not Government Surplus but Brand New Goods of the Best Quality.

Style No. 35. Superior Patent Oxford shoes. Best make. Same style per pair **10/6** Glace Kid Patent toe-cap, per pair **8/6** Also in Derby style Post 9d. extra

No. 35.

LADIES' Super or Glace Kid Boots High-class make & finish, per pair **12/6** Post 1/- extra Sizes 2 to 7

Style No. 7 Superior Glace Kid 3 Bar Buckle Shoes, Sizes 2 to 7, per pair **8/6** post 9d. extra

No. 7 2 or more pairs post free.

Style No. 10, Superior Box Brogue Shoes, suitable for hard wear, sizes 2 to 7, per pair **8/6** Post 9d. extra Black only

No. 10 2 or more pairs post free.

MEN'S DERBY BOOTS made of Fine Quality Leather, stout soles Black or Brown Sizes 5-11 Postage 1/- extra **10/6**

Similar Boy's Boots in Black. 8/6 per pair. Post 1/- extra. Sizes 11 to 5.

Medium or High Leg.

GENUINE SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOTS Double Soles and Tongue, fully-stitched & waterproofed Leather lined throughout. STAMPED Black or Tan, **14/6** per pair Postage 1/- extra. 2 or more pairs post free. Sizes 5 to 11

Satisfaction or money refunded.

Call or Write enclosing crossed P.O.

If you don't want your boots just yet, you can send your order on a postcard and have the boots you require reserved.

THE STRAND BOOT CO. (Dept. J.B.), 285, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (Entrance in Essex Street).

THE HORSES GET "LEFT"

refuse—are baulked—shut in—and fall just as in the real races.

CABALLO

The most exciting game ever invented.

12/6 MODEL.

There are no strings or other attachments to the horses. Each horse runs freely up the course. Simply line them up at the starting point and turn the handle until one wins. There are many variations during the race, and a horse may reach within two lengths of the winning post and yet be passed by others. A horse may win by many lengths, or a short head. The revolving belt, the independent horses free from vexatious entanglements, and the impossibility of making any particular horse win, gives a chance of success to every horse.

No. 1.	Length 2ft. 4in.,	8 horses	12/6 (Green)	
No. 2.	,, 3ft. 5in.,	Eight horses	27/6 (Polished)	Strongly recommended.
No. 3.	,, 4ft. 6in.,	,, ,,	55/- ,,	
No. 4.	,, 6ft. 0in.,	,, ,,	75/- ,,	

Postage 1/6 extra on Nos. 1 and 2. Other sizes carriage forward. Send for Free Illustrated List of Indoor Sports and Games, Cricket, Football, Monte Carlo, Structator, &c.

THE VICTOR CO., (Dept. J.B.) 81, Chancery Lane, LONDON, W.C.2.

£7,500 Get it for yourself

I am To Kay
Son of Gee
Win seven hundred
Feel like a

What it would mean to you!

It would mean a hundred desirable things—an additional income of £400 a year for life, provision for your wife and family in the event of your death, freedom from care, more comforts, more pleasures, a better house, a fuller life!

£7,500 would make your cherished dreams and hopes come true!

Go in and win!

Great Hospitals Competition

(Organised by the Hospitals of London Combined Appeal, under the auspices of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London.)

IN AID OF OVER 100 HOSPITALS.

£11,000 Contributed for the Principal Prizes by

Abdulla & Co., Ltd.
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Balance of Prize Fund and Expenses up to £10,000 guaranteed by SCHWEPPES, Ltd.

Tickets 5/-, from Hospitals, Theatre Ticket Agents, Shops, etc., showing our window bills or competition sheets, and Messrs. Harrods, Ltd.; Selfridges, Ltd.; A. W. Gamage, Ltd.; Wm. Whiteleys, Ltd.; John Barker & Co., Ltd.; Arding and Hobbs, Ltd., and The Army and Navy Stores, or post coupon below.

All business houses and shops willing to help the Hospitals by selling tickets are requested to apply to address on coupon.

This year's Best Christmas Present.

Buy Tickets for Your Friends.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

This is a simple advertisement judging competition. It needs no expert knowledge; anyone can win.

You will receive with your ticket (containing the voting coupon) a sheet showing the advertisements (beautifully reproduced in colour) which you are asked to judge.

Full instructions are given on the back of the ticket.

Select those you consider the sixteen best and place them in their order of merit.

The order of merit will be decided by the votes cast by all the competitors, which will be counted and checked by an independent firm of Chartered Accountants

The competitor whose list agrees, or most nearly agrees with the order so arrived at, will wid £7,500, the next nearest £2,000, and so on

£15,000 to be Won

1st Prize		£7,500
2nd	,,	£2,000
3rd	,,	£1,000
4th	,,	11-h.p. 4 Seater All-weather Standard Car, Value £450.

(Presented by The Standard Motor Co., Ltd.).

4 Prizes of		£250
4	,, ,,	£200
5	,, ,,	£100

AND

1,500 OTHER CASH PRIZES.

Also Special Prizes of **£300, £150 and £50** *to those who sell the tickets winning the first three prizes.*

N.B.—This Competition is organised under unimpeachable auspices (see above). All prizes guaranteed. Names of all prize-winners will be published in full. Simple rules. *The Biggest competition with the Biggest prizes for the Biggest cause.*

ENTER TO-DAY.

Don't miss this chance of winning nearly £400 per annum for Life.

Post this Coupon NOW.

To DIRECTOR, HOSPITALS COMPETITION,
Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London.

I enclose P.O. for £.....s.....d..... Please send me .....tickets for the Great Hospitals Competition and the sheet showing the advertisements in colour.

**Name (in full)* .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss).

**Address* .....

J.B. .....

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "Treasurer Hospitals Competition" and crossed "& Co." *Please write distinctly in BLOCK CAPITALS and in INK.

Vol. XXXII. No. 861.
Week ending Saturday,
Dec. 2, 1922. Twopence

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London W.C. 2
Telephone: Gerrard 9666
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Help for Bonar!

Mr. Bonar Law's Government will last. In moments of crisis many Liberals will support it in order not to play into the hands of the Socialists. The watchword will be "Bonar before Bolshevism."

What the Public Wants.

All the new Cabinet Ministers are talking of the unemployment problem. Their predecessors did enough of that. The public wants to see something done.

Open Diplomacy.

The Lausanne Conference is sitting behind closed doors. Statesmen talk about "open diplomacy" and practise hugger-mugger. What a game!

The Big Fight.

The Irish Bill and a few supplementary estimates are the only business of the present session of Parliament. The real fight is postponed until February.

Forgotten—For the Moment.

The fun of the fair at Westminster won't be between Labour men and Liberals, but between Trade Unionist M.P.s and the Intellectuals. J. H. Thomas will be there.

Something in the City.

Sir Robert Horne has gone to the City, but he is not finally out of politics. Before the next General Election he will be in the Cabinet. The kites are already flying—on both sides.

The Will of the People.

Seats are to be found for the Cabinet Ministers decisively rejected at the polls. When a Cabinet Minister is defeated at a General Election it is apparently not to count.

A Younger Prophecy.

Sir George Younger, who will be a New Year peer, is of the opinion that Mr. Lloyd George will again be Premier in two years. That does not mean that he likes the idea.

A Contract.

After the Armistice, some men who had fought during the war deserted from the Navy because they were "fed up." They are still abroad and cannot return for fear of imprisonment. Yet we put Pacifists into Parliament!

Enough!

At one time Erskine Childers was a gallant British soldier. To-day, he belongs to Ireland's great army of martyrs. Let us forget the rest.

The McGrigor Bank.

The War Office now admit moral responsibility, and offer 10s. to 15s. in the £ to Army clients. Twenty shillings is what they must pay.

The Border-line—and the Limit.

The Turks modestly demand the frontiers of 1913. Apparently they have forgotten that there was a war—in which they were on the wrong side. They have got to wake up, and the sooner the better.

The Rush Explained!

Parliamentary salaries take effect from the date of signing the Roll, which accounted for a record attendance on November 21st.

Why?

Mr. Douglas Hogg, K.C., M.P., His Majesty's Attorney-General, has not joined the Cabinet, nor accepted the usual knighthood. Watch Hogg!

Clannish.

It was a vigorous whip up of "brither Scots" and the Pacifists that gave Mr. Ramsay Macdonald the majority over Mr. Clynes in the fight for the Labour Party leadership. Clannish no doubt, but hardly playing the game.

Earning Their £400.

The relative smallness of the new Government's majority means that in this Parliament M.P.s will have to stick to their jobs. Which is excellent. We cannot afford £400 a year for absentees.

The Staff of Life.

The House this session will confine itself to higher politics. Bread is still ninepence, though wheat is cheap. Food prices are going up—for Christmas. Hunger cannot be fed on delay.

What We Want.

A good deal of nonsense has been written about the mental capacity of the new Government. Character and honesty in high places best serve the interests of the country. The brains will be there when they are wanted.

Holding the Baby.

France has suddenly discovered that she does not want the British to quit Mespot. because this would add to French responsibilities in Syria. With due respect to our French friends, we have been holding the baby long enough.

Search Their Pockets!

Signor Mussolini has no illusions about Germany. "She can pay," he says, "and pay a lot." We agree and go further. She must be made to pay.

A Preposterous Demand.

A West End firm is advertising for a lady mannequin, who is to pay £250 for her training. We hope the modern foolish virgin is not quite so foolish as some advertisers think.

Cutting Both Ways.

Civil Servants are protesting against being asked to work eight hours a day, and to do so without overtime pay. The Civil Service is over-staffed: the tax-payer over-burdened. The solution is reduction—for both.

The First-Class Brains.

Labour is congratulating itself on its first-class brains in Parliament. But the intellectuals have yet to show that they can resist the temptation of being too brilliant. Cleverness killed the Coalition.

A Farce.

The farce of the supposed limitation of candidates' election expenses continues. Those who ought to know say that not one candidate in ten kept within the limit, and accounts have had to be "cooked" all round.

War's Aftermath.

In one day and before the same Court eight persons were charged with bigamy, most of them pleading guilty. The slackening of the domestic ties caused by the war does not, unfortunately, seem yet to have been overcome.

Honour Among—

How these politicians stick to one another! Despite the change of Government and the supposed deadly enmity that exists between the "ins" and the "outs," the work of destroying evidence of past waste goes on in almost every department.

Easy Money!

Scotland Yard officials are still being fooled by trade union members who profess to spy on and report the silly utterances of their "wild men" colleagues. The "spies" and the speakers, of course, work together, and the easy money thus obtained helps to make London brighter for *them*.

A Princely Prize.

A happy thought may win for you the record Christmas Box of £1,500 in our *Bullets* Competition. Set your wits to work.

Wrongful Economy.

One of the most extravagant of Public Departments is the Board of Education. By way of equalising matters, it has cut down the grant for the provision of meals for necessitous children, at Workington, from £13,030 to £500. Humanity will refuse to allow the little ones to go unfed, and the local Education Authority should demand from the Board an explanation of the cut.

Brave, Billericay!

Billericay Board of Guardians strongly object to ex-soldiers being described as pauper lunatics and made chargeable to the rates. So, by way of protest, they decline to contribute to the maintenance of an ex-soldier in Brentwood Mental Hospital. Perhaps when a few more Boards of Guardians follow this lead the Ministry of Pensions will begin to sit up.

Tragedy.

What suffering was concealed in the breast of Mrs. Wright, of Grondale Street, Hoxton, who threw her baby girl over the parapet of the Tower Bridge into the river and attempted to follow it! Husband out of work, a boy in a blind school, a girl in a home, another child lying dead, and no money with which to bury it. Small wonder that she was distraught by her misfortunes, and wished to escape from a hard world.

A Judge's Sympathy.

When a poor woman who had been forced to sell her home and pawn her wedding ring appeared at Southwark County Court to appeal against an application for possession of her rooms the Judge, Sir Thomas Granger, promptly adjourned the application for enquiries with a view to helping her from the poor box. "I am extremely sorry for you, madam," he sympathetically added. The words and actions of a just and humane Judge.

Curing Road-Hogs.

Hog motorists who take aboard more liquor than they can carry will be alarmed that there are Magistrates who are disposed to send drivers of their kidney to gaol. At Bradford, Arthur Fordham, of Mount Street, got 21 days' hard labour; and at Liverpool, John Kennedy Scott, of Peel Street, Dingle, 14 days; in each case for being drunk when in charge of motor vehicles. The sentences are too short for the offences, but they act as a warning.

Dignity and Duty.

William Dixon, of Dalton, is obviously one of the unemployable, on whom sympathy would be wasted. Though he had a wife and seven children dependent upon him, and had received over £50 from the Guardians in addition to unemployment pay, he refused work that was twice offered because it was beneath his dignity as a fitter to work on the road. Perhaps the month's hard labour awarded him will alter his sense of dignity to one of duty.

A Callous Scoundrel.

Thomas Wilson, of Belfast, is a callous scoundrel. The girl whom he had betrayed wrote him a pitiful letter which would have moved a heart of stone. "Though I know I am as much to blame as you," she wrote, "I cannot live through it. If you have any feeling, surely you have a wee bit of pity." Not only did the pitiless brute ignore the frantic plea for marriage, but he at first denied any knowledge of the matter. Deserted and distracted, the girl died in childbirth. Truly the woman pays a terrible price.

Home, Sweet Home.

A family in the Billericay (Essex) district are living under a piece of canvas stretched over some bushes surrounding an old gravel pit, and calling it home! In another instance a man, wife, and five children are living in a leaky bell-tent. The only alternative accommodation the local Council have to offer is quarters in the workhouse. What a chance for the new Minister of Health!

A Kicking Cur.

The man who kicks a woman deserves the severest punishment that can be dealt out to him. John Edmund Golden, of Cooper Street, Blackburn, denied the allegation, but the Magistrates believed his wife's story, and fined him—twenty shillings! It was a punishment which in no way fitted the crime. He ought to have been sent to gaol without the option.

The Bobbies' Boots.

There is a touch of homely sympathy about the action of the Edmonton police in clubbing together to buy a dozen pairs of boots for the unemployed marchers who most needed them which we hope will not be lost upon the Bolshie agitators, who so often depict Robert as a uniformed ruffian, eager to bludgeon helpless hungry men into insensibility. There's many a kind heart beats beneath a blue tunic.

Where Teetotalism is Wise.

Because the wife of a Cardiff commercial traveller whom he accosted in a busy street refused his plea for alms, Stephen O'Connell, a young miner, attacked her with a razor and almost cut her head off. Mr. Justice Shearman, in sentencing O'Connell to three years' penal servitude, said he was a man who when he took to drink reverted to primitive savagery. It is individuals such as O'Connell who give the teetotal fanatics a handle.

"Teaching the Young Idea——?"

Teachers in Bradford Elementary Schools who have been instilling extreme doctrines into the young minds they are paid to train are now aware of the fact that the Education Authority intends to have no more of their nonsense. One teacher has been suspended for pushing Socialistic propaganda in his school, and there are complaints against others in the district. The Education Authority, upon proof, should sack the lot.

A Theatrical "Hero."

While better men were fighting and dying for their country, John M. Entwhistle, of Matlock, was serving a sentence for mutiny in France. Later he deserted the Colours. When the danger was over, Entwhistle sighed for some safe glory, and stood on his hind legs at one of the Marquis of Hartington's political meetings, and declared he had won the V.C. The Marquis shook hands with him. Fortunately the nauseating humbug was found out, and he has been sent to prison for two months. He deserved the sentence.

Mercy not Strained.

Joseph Coley, of Rotherham, a violent epileptic, tried to strangle his 9-year-old son. When another son went to his brother's assistance, the demented father threatened him with a poker. In the excitement of the moment, the mother fired a revolver and Coley was shot dead. The Coroner told the jury it was a case for a "manslaughter" or "murder" verdict, but they returned one of "accidental death." By doing so, they mercifully sought to save the poor woman from a long police-court ordeal, which would have ended in her acquittal.

The Diversions of Brigg.

They appear to have quite a jolly time at meetings of the Brigg Urban District Council. At a recent meeting, Councillor Clark was called to order by a fellow member, whereupon Councillor Baines urged his colleague to "go round and give him a welt in the ear-'ole." Earlier in the evening, the Surveyor addressed Councillor Clark as "Stinker." Such amenities disgrace public life.

Prison Preferred.

Sentenced at Marlborough Street to a day's imprisonment for begging, with the promise of three months if it happened again, an out-of-work pleaded eagerly for the longer period there and then. On this being refused, he said, "Then I have to go out and come in again; there is nothing else for me to do." Truly a sad commentary on present-day social conditions when a man, willing to work, deliberately asks to go to prison to stave off starvation.

Down and Out.

When a man has no shoes to his feet or shirt to his back, it is still a crime to snatch a pair of boots outside a shop. James Ludford was charged at Bromsgrove. It transpired that he had fourteen years' Army service, his papers were entirely satisfactory, but having been discharged as "A.1," he had no pension, and had been out of work for eighteen months. We congratulate Mr. F. L. Smith, the Chairman, on allowing him to go with a few words of advice.

Too Lenient by Far.

When the Brentford Magistrates described George Varney, of Twickenham, as "a callous brute," it looked for the moment as though fiendish cruelty to a dog was, for once, about to be adequately punished. Instead, merely a fine of £5, with £5 costs, was imposed on the savage, despite the fact that the victim of his ferocity had been found, still warm, in a sack, with its head smashed in and a leg broken. Hard labour and stripes would have been better.

Honour the Brave.

On August 3rd Edgar Cheesman, aged 22, of 26, Curlew Street, S.E., lost his life in a brave attempt to save a schoolboy who was drowned while bathing in the Thames, and the other day at Tower Bridge Court the honours that would have been the gallant lad's had he lived—the R.H.S. certificate, the Carnegie Hero Fund Trust certificate, and a cheque for £50—were handed to his father. It is good to know that such brave actions do not pass unrecorded.

Queer Christianity.

The Lewes Magistrates refused to allow a Sunday performance at the Newhaven Cinema for the benefit of the County Hospital. This was due to the clamour raised by the Newhaven kill-joys, led by their Vicar, who says he is "not ashamed to be called a Sabbatarian." The Vicar may be a good Sabbatarian, but the Master he professes to follow taught that "It was lawful to do good on the Sabbath."

A Generous Scot.

The big heartedness shown by Bailie MacAuslin at the Lanark (Scotland) Burgh Court when an ex-soldier holding the D.C.M. and M.M. was charged with drunkenness, is worthy of mention. Accused, who had been thrice wounded in action and discharged from hospital only the previous day, admitted that a glass of beer he had taken had been too much for him. On mentioning his intention to return to Ireland if he had the funds, the generous Bailie dismissed the case and provided him with a substantial sum for the journey.

Woe Awheel.

Frederick Farmer, of Bembridge Crescent, Southsea, recently drove a car furiously through Wickham and knocked over a man pushing a bicycle. Continuing his wild career, he ran into another man pushing a perambulator, overturned it, and spilled the child upon the ground. For this intolerable delinquency the Fareham Magistrates have fined him £40 only. Some things are utterly too cheap.

Pussyfoot Guardians.

The Camberwell Guardians have set the ball rolling this year in refusing to allow workhouse inmates a pint of beer apiece with their Christmas dinner. Mr. A. T. Dyer's argument that a man had been known to have as many as twenty pints is beneath contempt. To deprive hundreds of poor old folk of a little seasonable cheer because of an isolated instance of shockingly slack administration is a typical Pussyfoot idea.

Stiff Fees.

The Chauffeurs' Service Bureau, of 9, Wardour Street, W.1, have an offer of "Free Services" printed on their notepaper which is somewhat difficult to reconcile with their terms for enrolment as members of the Bureau, which are 10s. 6d. entrance fee; 10s. 6d. annual subscription; 2s. 6d. employment (available for six months); and 20 per cent. from first month's wages, due on engagement. These charges strike us as excessive.

Moneylender's Moonshine.

Among the moneylending fraternity who offer to accommodate all and sundry on note of hand alone is B. S. Rosen, of New Bond Street, London, W. To his touting circulars he attaches what purports to be a facsimile letter from one of his many delighted clients with the signature erased. It would be interesting to know how he squares this with his assurance of the strictest privacy, as handwriting is easily identified.

Job for the Health Minister.

One of the most urgent jobs awaiting the attention of the new Minister of Health is the formulating of some measure to put a stop to the continued horrible and unnecessary orgy of surgical operations for the removal of children's tonsils. We have already dealt in these columns with the cruel and nauseating butchery which attends so many of these operations, frequently resulting in death from shock and loss of blood, and trust we shall soon have no further occasion to refer to the painful subject.

A Case for Reward.

We hope that John Paton, the gallant lad of eighteen who saved the lives of many girls at the risk of his own when they were in danger from ammonia fumes at the "Josephine" chocolate factory at Stratford recently, will be adequately rewarded. He has lately lost his father, and his mother is dependent upon the Relieving Officer, so that he has had to suffer great mental distress as well as the pain of his injuries. His bravery calls for something more than the bare minimum of legal compensation.

Starving the Shepherd.

According to an advertisement in a well-known Nonconformist weekly, a Pastor is wanted for village Congregational churches within a six mile radius of Peterborough. For looking after the spiritual welfare of this scattered flock he is offered a stipend of £125 per annum! No doubt the worthy local tradesmen who officiate as deacons would indignantly repudiate any suggestion of profiteering or sweating in their worldly affairs, but how can they expect a starving shepherd to administer health to famished souls?

Wanted, a Sleuth.

James Richards, a Newport butcher, when fined for not labelling imported meat, said he thought "all that rubbish" was done away with now that English meat was cheaper than imported. It still, however, requires a Sherlock Holmes to run to earth this cheap home product.

Fatuity.

The latest piece of official fatuity is the preparation of a list of Army Reservists from disbanded Irish units domiciled at home, enabling them to be recalled to the Colours in case of another war. Perhaps somebody will drop a postcard to the authorities reminding them that with the setting up of the Free State the Imperial Government has no call on the services of these men?

"Won the War!"

The limit in cool cheek, if there is one, is surely reached by the United Import and Export Company, whoever they may be, in their advertisement of a pocket "Crown and Anchor" contrivance under the heading "The Game that Won the War!" A close scrutiny of the picture of the contraption shows the words "Made in Germany" on the dial! It seems to be another clear indication that, whoever won the war, Fritz is determined to profit by the peace.

Slaying with the Tongue

By The Rev. R. J. Cantell, D.D.

SOME of the worst offences against human weal go unpunished. We send a man to penal servitude for house-breaking, but a financial ring which forces up prices by cornering supplies or smashing small competitors is beyond the reach of the law.

It may break up a thousand homes and cause misery and starvation over half the world, but it is not accounted criminal.

We hang a man for murder, but the assassin who destroys another's reputation goes scot free if he be clever enough to dodge the law of libel.

There is no viler practice than that of backbiting, and none more common. The slanderer is a moral pestilence: the evil he does is beyond compute.

It is a strange and saddening fact that there are many people who would rather speak evil than good even of their own friends, and whose first impulse is always to believe the worst of anyone.

Some very respectable people are guilty of this habitual vice.

They would be quite disappointed to find that a story told to their neighbour's discredit was untrue.

Observe how often such people are made angry by having to admit that a cruel scandal was unfounded, and how grudgingly they do it.

What a revelation of the foulness of their own souls! They would rather hate than love.

How often are friendships wrecked by a lying tongue! Well might the wise man say of old: "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds that go down into the innermost parts . . . and a whisperer separateth chief friends."

Byron hit the mark when he described the tale-bearer as—

Skilled by a touch to deepen scandal's tints,
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
A thread of candour with a web of wiles.

We need an extra clause in the Litany:

From all evil-speaking, lying and slandering,
Good Lord deliver us.

Mormons Discomfited.

The Mormon missionaries crusading in Nottingham had a nasty set-back as a result of the Rev. W. T. Barling, a local Baptist, accompanied by a score of supporters, raiding their meeting at the Corn Exchange, and the discomfited sons of Salt Lake City made a hurried retreat. It is a pity they cannot be kept on the run all the way home to Utah.

Pillar to Post.

A poor chap, one Leonard Lowery, dared to ask a Darwen householder, the other day, for a copper, and for this a constable took him before the Magistrates. Lowery had been hunting for work during the past two years without success, and, homeless and wretched, he thus became a "criminal." The Magistrates allowed him to go when he had promised to leave the district. But where will he fare better?

"Beaver!"—and Other Eccentricities.

The fine of ten shillings imposed upon William Cutler at Willesden for calling "Beaver!" after bearded men—a crime magnified by the police into "using insulting words and behaviour whereby a breach of the peace might have been occasioned"—is ludicrous in more ways than one. He might have had much more fun for his money in many districts had his sense of humour taken another form—that of torturing dumb animals, for instance.

Stony-Hearted Justices.

Take the case of Harry Burrows. He was driving a flock of sheep and lambs to market when one of the latter was run over by a coal-cart, having both its hind legs broken and its hindquarters crushed. Burrows was so little concerned at the animal's agony that he left it in the street for two hours and twenty-five minutes. The Newport Magistrates thought fit to visit this callous cruelty with a paltry fine of £1. Such J.P.s disgrace the Commission.

A Brazen Brass Firm.

A few weeks ago we drew attention to the tricky methods of T. and J. Lee, trading as the Star Brass-Foundry Co., at 1, Newhall Hill, Birmingham. They are still deceiving their customers with promises of "free" brass fenders—which prove to be toy affairs about four inches long—and are now adding the inducement of 2s. off the list price of goods ordered from them. The poor are most likely to be the victims of these impudent sharpers. We trust this warning will not be without effect.

Poor Jo!

There is still need for better organisation of poor relief in our big cities like Glasgow, where it is surprising to find that there is no cheap lodging for destitute boys. The by-law lays it down that no person under the age of twenty shall be admitted to a model lodging-house unless accompanied by his father. Instead of allowing the poor boys to walk the streets all night or seek shelter in undesirable places, proper accommodation should be provided by the authorities.

Now Then, Neville!

One job that awaits the new Postmaster-General is to speed up the postal arrangements between this country and the Dominions. The newspaper post to Canada—the commercial importance of which can hardly be over-estimated—is a case in point. It frequently happens that leading newspapers posted on this side are held up for a week or ten days, although liners are leaving almost daily for Canadian ports. We are glad to know that this question is to be raised in the House of Commons.

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

Secret West End Gambling Hells

Every week men and women are being ruined by crooks from all parts of the world who have made London their headquarters.

LONDON is now acclaimed by certain sections of society as the Crooks' Metropolis.

For many years, belief—then well justified—in the efficiency of the London police system exercised a wholesome restraint on the activities of international swell mobsmen, so far as this country was concerned.

To-day a different state of affairs exists. Gangs of alien crook gamesters—with a not inconsiderable leavening of native talent—have taken up permanent quarters in our midst, and operate successfully on a scale unprecedented in the annals of London crime.

At intervals, reports of raids on certain West End gambling dens appear in the Press; and one reads of a number of persons being fined for frequenting such resorts. But in most instances these individuals are merely the dupes—with a sprinkling of well-paid touts and agents—of the master criminals who, with well-judged modesty, carefully remain behind the scenes.

These minor raids and prosecutions are utterly futile, if they are intended to check the evil with which they are concerned. It is a hard thing to say, but it would seem that the police are being outwitted all along the line in their battle with the big and unscrupulous brains which run illicit gaming dens.

Perhaps we can give Scotland Yard a few hints which might aid them in their somewhat half-hearted campaign against this moral cancer which is thrusting its evil tentacles into the very heart of London society, blighting brilliant prospects, and dragging scores of foolish and adventurous men and women down to complete degradation, if not to utter destruction.

We might tell them how one of the most active gangs, controlled by an Italian, operates by means of transient, or "wandering," gaming houses, thereby evading the attentions of the police.

The leaders of this dangerous band, of which several fascinating women are members, cleverly cover their traces by renting houses, or parts of houses, in suitable quarters of the West End, including Portland Place, Lancaster Gate, etc., and, after a week or so of successful "business," remove secretly to fresh quarters, where—having apprised their victims of the new addresses—business is carried on as usual.

We might put Scotland Yard on the track of certain well-known society people who run "boarding houses" in Knightsbridge, and let their drawing-rooms, and sometimes their cellars, at as much as from £15 to £30 a night, for the purpose of illegal gambling, frequently netting over £150 weekly.

Among many more sharks, a certain wealthy Jew also figures largely in the West End underworld of to-day, who, not content with the gaming dens he runs in the neighbourhood of Sloane Square, has established others at Brighton, where small fortunes change hands nightly.

The modern gambling crook is, more often than not, in unholy alliance with the "dope" merchant. Dens which nightly witness the most reckless play are frequently also the scene of the drug fiends' orgies. Hence the extremely vigilant care with which they are hidden away, and the precautions which are taken to conceal instantly, in the event of a raid, all traces of the criminal proceedings which have been taking place.

In some cases cunningly constructed sliding boards in the floor hide a secret receptacle into which cards, dice, and other gambling implements—as well as "dope"—can be thrust in a moment, and the room given an aspect of harmless innocence almost impossible to doubt.

Such, in brief outline, is the condition of affairs in London with respect to the hidden gambling evil. We may have occasion shortly to publish further disclosures in this connection which will shock the conscience of the country.

SCOTLAND YARD FOOLING US?

Some Pertinent Posers on the "Poison Plot"

The inner history of the attempt upon the life of the Chief Commissioner is disclosed in the following remarkable article.

SCOTLAND YARD still pursues its inquiries into the circumstances of the attempted poisoning of Sir William Horwood and other officials. The latest move is to invite the co-operation of the public in tracing certain women described with such accuracy of detail that one is forced to the conclusion that the Yard takes the public to be as simple as some of the highly placed officials—for it is expected to believe that postal clerks can furnish such detailed descriptions of casual persons posting packets to the Yard.

In spite of all this camouflage, we assert that there is far more behind this affair than the Yard has seen fit to disclose to the public.

We would like to know, to start with, in what way the "poison plot" is linked up with the recent scandal associated with the Spanish Count and his lady loves to which we drew attention some time ago. That there *is* an association we have not the least doubt, and our suspicions on the subject are confirmed by the fact that, while pretending to hunt for these mysterious women in the Balham district, the Yard and its collaborators have been pursuing inquiries over precisely the same ground as was covered in connection with the Spanish Count's case. There must have been reason for this line of inquiry, for much as this "plot" has shown up the incompetence of the Yard, we can hardly believe that those in authority would be guilty of the folly of employing some of the most capable officers in the London district in watching a certain Post Office some distance from Balham daily, in the belief that the guilty person might turn up to post another packet.

We believe that their vigilance was rewarded, and that an individual was invited to explain his interest in sending a packet of a suspicious nature to the Yard, but so far the suspect is still at large.

Are we to assume that the man in question was the victim of a piece of stupidity on the part of over-zealous police officers, or can it be that the Yard has reasons for wishing to let the matter drop, lest the facts revealed should do more harm to the prestige of those in authority than anything else?

There is another aspect of the case. Are the authorities satisfied that the precautions taken at the Yard precluded at all times the possibility of someone knowing his way about, gaining access to the room of Sir William Horwood and depositing the poison where its presence could not arouse suspicion?

Possibly Sir Borlase Wyndham Childs would scoff at such a possibility, but there are abler men than he at the Yard who are not so confident on the subject. That there were boxes of chocolates we do not deny, but we are not convinced that they were as closely connected with the illness of Sir William as we are asked to believe. If those in authority had the courage to admit the truth, they would be forced to confess that this incident had more to do with the laxity on the part of those responsible for conducting the Yard than anything else.

If the truth is ever revealed, it will be found, we think, that it is bound up with the discovery that under its new rulers the Yard has laid itself open to being victimised by men of the stamp of the famous Cobbler of Kopenick, and that the precautions taken against unauthorised admission have been such that it was possible until quite recently at least for any person so disposed to make his way into the building and wander about unchallenged. The recent robbery at the Lost Property Office was one case in point. The attempt on the life of Sir William Horwood was another.

If the matter be left to the Yard we shall be very much surprised if the case is not allowed to drop in due course. But why should it be? Why should the prestige of the Yard be considered of greater importance than the punishment of the criminal or criminals involved in this remarkable case?

BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION . . . . . Is the Prince Fully Satisfied?

THE criticisms which we have been impelled to make upon the manner in which the British Empire Exhibition is being conducted have produced an effect, but not yet the right effect.

We wish to make our position perfectly plain. We seek to save this project, not to destroy it. We are concerned with no personal issues. It is clear that the gravest dissatisfaction exists, both here and in the Colonies, with the present position.

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the new Chairman, now announces that the Council is willing to agree to a Board of Trade Inquiry.

This will not satisfy the public. The Board of Trade is responsible for much of the muddling that has gone on, and Mr. Wintour, the General Manager, is an old Board of Trade official. Is it anything but camouflage to ask the Board of Trade if it desires to sit in judgment on the Board of Trade's activities and projects and protéges?

Our point is that at present, as far as existing guarantors are concerned, the project has gone so badly that they will lose much of their money. Now Mr. Wintour issues a new circular, pointing out that several Colonies and Dependencies propose to spend large sums of money and adding that if fresh guarantees are found, the smaller will be the liability of each.

True. If a million is lost and you have ten millions guaranteed, the guarantors will lose only two shillings in the pound. Is it not better to avoid the loss than to conceal it by juggling with figures?

We ask, if the Colonies through the Agents General applied for an inquiry, the committee consisting of one of their own representatives, one to be nominated by the Exhibition, and an independent Chairman.

We do not think a public inquiry essential; what we seek is an effective inquiry. It is all very well to say that the Colonies are undertaking to spend large sums. This offer is coupled with a demand for certain conditions, and a request for an inquiry that will make it clear if those conditions can be realised and how.

Mr. King, the Canadian Premier, has voiced this demand. He plainly says Canada's participation is conditional.

In view of the use that has been made of the Prince of Wales' name, by the suggestion that he is "fully satisfied" with the progress that has been made, we say that such an inquiry is imperative.

A KNIGHTHOOD FOR £10,000.

Tale of Tea, Toast and Titles

Our Special Commissioner gives an amazing account of his own actual experience in relation to the traffic in Honours. Chapter and verse are given for this startling occurrence.

SECRET hush-hush meetings, lunches at Frascati's, furtive appointments in the street, long motor-car drives in swagger limousines—and insistent demands for a big cheque—these are the elements in the engaging drama of buying a title to-day.

There is a new Government in office. But that changes nothing, not even the amount of the bribe. Only you meet people associated with the Unionist Chief Whip's office, instead of the Coalition Whip's office. For the rest, the game is played exactly the same.

I left the story of the traffic in titles in a recent issue at the point at which Miss Forrester, the lady of the motor-car, was offering a title to a Richmond municipal personage. I found her very helpful in putting me on the track.

"Yes, of course," she said, "the thing can be done. You will meet a lady friend of mine and talk it over with her."

I met her at afternoon tea at Rumpelmayer's. The appointment was made over the telephone. I was to wear a brown overcoat and a light felt hat—she a fawn cloak and a blue hat. We met and had tea together, and the next step towards a title was taken.

I was introduced to her friend, a rather frowsy gentleman with important influences in high quarters. He introduced me to a gentleman occupying a position in the Conservative Chief Whip's office. I was getting warm.

This gentleman proved very affable and very exacting. We dined together at Frascati's and discussed the question of a title. He would meet me at fixed places, and pick me up in his handsome car, and finally took me for a three-hour drive in the country.

My chief difficulty was to find a reason for a title being given to me. He was very generous about this. He said the fact that I was not well-known and not notoriously charitable was not an insuperable obstacle. He quite appreciated my point that my wife would rather like to be "My Lady." It seems common ground with the purchasers of titles.

But where he was firm was on the money question. I told him that I was not a rich man—and offered five thousand pounds. He peremptorily and inexorably refused.

"My dear fellow," he said, "it is quite out of the question. It couldn't be entertained. The money goes to the Party funds, and the amount cannot be lessened."

"About the secrecy," I said, "can I rely on it?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "Your cheque will be paid in to the secret fund—nobody will ever know. You can, however, pay it in notes if you wish."

Much impressed by this consideration, I asked if I would get a receipt.

"No," he said. "Neither receipt nor acknowledgment. You can understand, can't you? But presently our Chief Organiser will see that you get from the Prime Minister a written offer of a title."

Incidentally I learned that I would still be in time for the New Year's Honours List. I would be also in time, if I wished, to include a friend, if I gave assurances that he really had the money. I said that unfortunately he had not a very English name. "Well," was the reply, "that makes it harder than in your case, but still it can be managed."

There the matter stands. The next ceremony is the cheque for £10,000, or for "five figures" as they so tactfully put it.

After that no need for secret meetings in Rumpelmayer's or furtive appointments for motor drives, or chic dinners at Frascati's.

The next step is on the straight road to Buckingham Palace and an Investiture. Perhaps straight road is the wrong word—the indirect road might be more appropriate.

There, however, is the true story of the angling for title-buyers, of the naked and unashamed title sellers.

If the Royal Commission wish to investigate this bargain sale of honours, they can be given the fullest and frankest information and opportunity—and I would prefer that the inquiry should be in public.

I do not know if the minor traffickers get a commission on the sum they rake in. If they don't, they show surprising zeal in searching for "mugs" and astonishing persistence in nursing them.

COLOSSAL G.P.O. THEFTS

Appalling Public Losses Unchecked

The slipshod carelessness of the Post Office, which manufactures thieves and robs the public of nearly a quarter of a million a year, is exposed on this revealing article.]

THE personnel of the Post Office throughout the country, and more especially in London, is infested with crooks, their numbers running into not mere dozens or scores, but hundreds.

In most cases they operate for years without detection, despite the elaborate system of espionage that exists. For, so slipshod and careless is the present method of collecting, sorting and delivering postal packets, that to assure the honesty of all engaged in the work it would be necessary to appoint a detective—or "Pinkerton," as they are called by the staff—to watch each man.

The public pays its postage and drops its letters into the pillar-box with pathetic trust in the integrity of the service. Along comes the postman and carelessly loads the letters into his bag. There is no check upon him—except in the case of registered packets, for which he has to sign. Over the ordinary mail he has complete control until he shoots the contents of his bag on to the "facing" table for stamping.

There is no eye to watch whether he empties one bag or two. When he has duly recorded the time of his return from the collecting round, the system is satisfied. For the number of his bags there appears to be no concern.

It amounts to this: there is no check on the collection, and consequently no check on the delivery.

It was owing to his having availed himself of the slackness of the postal system that Albert Miller, an auxiliary postman, was sentenced at the Old Bailey on the 14th November to twelve months' imprisonment in the second division for stealing letters containing postal orders.

This conviction was the outcome, not of the vigilance of the postal officials, but of complaints of losses by several large City firms, and of questions that had been asked in Parliament.

Miller was seen to take a bundle of seventy-two letters from the East Central District Office, and when stopped, confessed to other thefts. This, it must be understood, is but one of a great number of cases, many of which are never made public.

The arrest and conviction of a thieving postman is small consolation to those who suffer loss. Rarely, if ever, do they receive compensation from the Post Office, which shelters itself behind antiquated regulations by virtue of which it denies responsibility. "No trace" is the usual official reply to a complaint of loss.

This state of affairs must not be allowed to continue. We know only too well, from our own correspondence, what direful tragedy sometimes lurks behind the loss of a letter.

Business firms in London and in the great towns throughout the Kingdom are, of course, the main sufferers from the depredations of dishonest post-office servants; but their losses do not excite the sympathy that is aroused when one hears of the "disappearance" of a letter containing a small sum, perhaps hardly spared, which a son may have sent to his mother to relieve her greater want or a husband, working at a distance from home, may have sent to his wife.

Every day, all over the country, letters are lost in the post; and it is certainly more than mere coincidence that the bulk of them contain paper money.

It is estimated by a Post Office official, whose position enables him to judge, that cash to the amount of at least £4,000 is lost every week in this way.

That so startling a number of thefts—involving an aggregate sum exceeding £200,000 a year—should be possible, argues a defective organisation, which the new Postmaster-General should make it his first business to reform.

Surely it is not beyond the ingenuity of man to devise some method whereby letters of importance might, at the moment of being posted, be stamped with consecutive numbers. The dishonest postman would then find it a far from easy matter to indulge his thievish propensities; for it would defeat those experts at the game who, according to an experienced sorter, can tell by the "feel" of a letter whether it contains money or not.

Without delay the G.P.O. must tighten up its system for the protection of public property when in its charge.

TO HIM THAT HATH

From a Correspondent.

THE continued practice of numerous firms and institutes who apply to the local police station for a pensioned policeman when a vacancy occurs is the cause of much feeling and bitterness among the unemployed ex-Service men.

In the majority of cases, the posts are for men wanted to act as night watchman, foreman, gate-keeper, attendants, housekeeper, and other similar occupations where the supervision of men or property is necessary.

The chief reason for this general practice appears to be that the applicant considers the police officer more accustomed to discipline and responsibility, a custom very unfair and unjust to the workless.

A case was brought to my notice in which a South London concern applied for a pensioned officer to fill a vacancy as a general attendant. The officer who got the job, at £3 10s. per week wages, retired from police service only two days before with a pension of £2 10s. a week!

There are other instances, particularly in the postal services, which I could quote where retired officers so employed are in receipt of three guineas a week pension.

In conversation with one man, an unemployed skilled engineer, he mentioned a case where an employer said that he preferred a policeman because ex-Service men "hadn't much discipline, and were not so reliable"!

"They didn't say that when we were 'over there,'" he added, and his eyes were hard. Can you wonder at it?

"TICKET OF LEAVE"

Kicking a Man When He is Down

"HE shall not lead an idle and dissolute life without visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood."

This is not a quotation from the Book of Leviticus, but one of the conditions to be observed by the holder of an Order of Licence under the Penal Servitude Acts, commonly known as a "Ticket of Leave."

How can it be observed?

How is it possible for Charles Hutchinson, for instance, to observe it?

A young man of many good parts and eminently respectable parents, he met a chorus girl while he was on leave from his ship at Hull in 1916. He was only twenty-three then, and in a sudden passionate infatuation, he married her by special licence two days after he met her.

Swift disillusionment followed; within a fortnight, both realised the terrible mistake into which their blind passion had led them, and they separated with a mutual understanding never to cross each other's path.

Nearly two years later, he met another girl, and believing that his earlier entanglement was buried in the past, he went through a form of marriage with her.

The past, however, was not buried. His legal wife met him by accident in the Strand in London, and he was sent to penal servitude for three years for bigamy.

When he came out of Parkhurst Prison, he got a job at a little village near Southampton. He was a house-decorator of exceptional ability, and quickly proved his worth. For six months all went well.

Then someone discovered his dark secret. He was a bigamist—a ticket-of-leave man. He lost his job and had to leave the village that had seemed like a quiet haven of forgetfulness to him.

He travelled to London, but could find no work. Who would employ him—a ticket-of-leave man? His money was soon exhausted, and he was on the verge of starvation.

He tramped to Bristol, but met with no better success in his search for work. Starving, he saw a raincoat on a seat by the river, and stole it for food.

He was sent back to prison for twelve months.

When he was released on November 15th, all he had was 1s. 6d., which was found in his possession when he was arrested and had been returned to him. Stay, that was not all. Four of the prison officers—they are not all so cruel as the system—had given him 1s. each, making his total capital 5s. 6d.

He tramped to London and arrived exhausted. His last meal was 3d. worth of bread, and he slept on the Embankment.

For the next *seven years* he is a ticket-of-leave man.

Penniless and starving, he came to us for advice.

What advice would *you* give?

"DREAM GIRLS'" NIGHTMARE

Trials of a Stranded Theatrical Company

THE latest acquisitions to our black list of theatrical managers who lightly undertake stage productions without adequate capital and strand their companies are Wilfrid Collins and Eustace Verner, who recently set out with "A New and Romantic Musical Comedy" with the seductive title of "The Dream Lady."

Whatever may be said for the novelty and romance embodied in the play, the story of the company's experiences is the old and sordid one which is bound to be told and retold so long as such people are allowed to pursue their activities unhindered by the safeguards which we have so often urged.

The tour opened at the Victory Theatre, Ripley (Yorks), on October 9th, with money due for rehearsals already owing to many of the thirty-four members of the company. Only part salaries were paid at the end of the week, with a promise that all arrears would be discharged without fail on the following Monday before the rise of the curtain.

The company proceeded to the Coliseum, Ilkeston, but the curtain rose without the promise being fulfilled. On Tuesday 10s. each was paid, with many regrets and more promises. A succession of excuses and evasions followed during the week, but no cash.

On Saturday, October 21st, the Assistant Secretary of the Actors' Association was sent to Ilkeston to investigate the matter, and discovered a terrible state of things.

On the Thursday the author of the play, one Guy Logan, had travelled to London—to try to raise money for salaries. So far, nothing more had been heard of him.

Half-a-dozen male choristers had eaten nothing but bread and margarine for several days, and hadn't a penny-piece between them.

Several of the chorus girls were agitatedly discussing what they would do if no money arrived—whether, in desperation, they would have to go on the streets and get what they could from the men of the town. They had for days lived on crusts of bread, and their landladies, who had often been victimised, would give them nothing more.

Collins, the manager, blustered and said he had backing in thousands, but late at night had to confess that there was no money at all for the artistes, who were compelled to leave their lodgings without paying, Collins giving the landladies I.O.U.s.

The company went somehow to Aldershot, and then, after a week idle, to Weston-super-Mare, where a repetition of the Ilkeston nightmare occurred. Then came an appealing telegram from members of the company who were stranded at Taunton.

The Home Office should take action at once.

GUSH FOR FOOLS

How to Get Rich Overnight for £3.

YANKEES must be awful fools!

According to the "Oil and Mineral Land Syndicate," which is the business name under which Lieut.-Col. F. H. Peter, D.S.O., M.C., and John Johnson, R.N., S.F.R., trade and send out circulars from Peele's Chambers, Fleet Street, London, E.C., they must be simply treading on gold down Texas way.

Yet they haven't the sense to stoop and pick it up!

Otherwise, how comes it that the distinguished Lieut.-Colonel and the naval gentleman of indefinite rank are reduced to peddling five-year leases of this wondrous soil, which they estimate may be worth £5,000 an acre, at the ridiculously low price of £3 an acre to anyone in this country who can manage to scrape up £1 now, £1 in fourteen days, and £1 in twenty-eight days?

Among their "Words of Weight," we read that "Each £3 invested now may return £5,000 overnight."

This seems rather unusual, if it means what it says. But let us not cavil over a mere question of grammar. A little excitement and confusion are excusable. Read on.

Oil!

You *may* strike oil!

"We have for disposal," they say, "a few acres of genuine Oil land, situated in Cherokee, Houstin, and Pekos counties, in the State of Texas, U.S.A."

With disarming ingenuousness they add, "This land has not yet been prospected, but there is an immense field of Oil beneath this land."

The cherubs!

"Within a few miles of where we are now offering you acres at £3 per acre, a 10,000 barrel gusher well was struck in March, 1922. This land is now priceless.

"When oil is struck on or near the land owned by the purchaser, the finding company immediately consults the county records to ascertain the ownership, and such owners are communicated with, and an offer is made to purchase."

It is *so* simple.

All you have to do is to wait until some wandering prospector with a well-developed olfactory organ sniffs such a strong smell of oil that he thinks it worth while to drill a hole in the middle of your little £3 allotment.

If it gushes enough, you win!

And they show no favouritism. "Reservation by wire cannot be accepted, as it would be unfair to others who are not in a position to wire."

It would be terrible to save up a pound as the first instalment on an acre, and lose a fortune because one hadn't a shilling to pay for a telegram!

Oil?

Say, *some* gushers!

HUGE ANTIQUE SWINDLES

Faking Furniture for Wealthy Fools

THE public are inclined to marvel when they read of the enormous prices paid by wealthy people for antique furniture, but their wonder would develop into amazement if they realised the extent to which the eagerness of collectors to acquire what they believe to be authentic specimens is seized upon by unscrupulous dealers as an opportunity of carrying out colossal frauds.

The antique furniture trade in this country is honeycombed with chicanery and trickery.

It is an exceedingly profitable business, even when it is conducted honestly. Such honest profits, however, are insufficient to satisfy the rapacity of the sharks who infest the sale-rooms, and immense fortunes have been accumulated by swindling and deception.

At the present day there are at least five times as many antique furniture shops as there were twenty years ago. There is a large weekly demand for articles of the Charles I., Restoration, William III., and Queen Anne periods, and, strange to say, for those who are prepared to pay exorbitant prices, the supply is always equal to the demand.

When it is remembered that the population of these islands in the years in which all this old furniture is supposed to have been made was approximately only a tenth of what it is to-day, it would appear, if all the stuff displayed in the shops as well as that proudly exhibited by private collectors be genuine, that the whole of the male population of England must for several generations have been engaged in cabinet-making!

Where they found contemporary purchasers for their astonishing output of four-poster bedsteads, wardrobes, tables and chairs remains a mystery. There were no millionaire Yankee collectors in those days.

The truth is that an enormous proportion of the antiques on sale and in private collections are fakes.

It is not to be supposed that the majority of antique dealers are rogues. In many cases they are themselves the dupes of the swindlers, and do not know that the stuff they sell is fraudulent.

The crooks purchase a single chair of genuine 17th century manufacture, take it to pieces, and construct a whole suite, each piece containing a portion of the original. Then they sell the lot at a profit of many hundreds per cent.

Bedsteads, wardrobes, cabinets, and tables, are all dealt with in the same manner, and so antiques multiply like "culture" from a microscopic nucleus.

Perhaps the most amazing thing of all is that in several of our public museums there are articles of furniture purporting to be two or three centuries old and duly labelled to that effect which are frequently inspected and pointed out as magnificent specimens by the very men who made them!

PROSTITUTION and the POLICE

An Article Going to the Root of the Matter

by ARNOLD BENNETT

The difficulties of the problem of recognition or suppression of "the oldest profession in the world" are here dealt with in a striking and outspoken manner. Mr. Arnold Bennett approaches the subject from the standpoint of the broadminded man of the world. Incidentally he defines his attitude towards the Metropolitan Police, which has lately been called in question.

ABOUT the Fitzroy case. Many people have told me that I am the writer referred to by the prosecuting counsel (that is, the counsel for the police) as having brought a general charge of blackmail against the police.

Seeing that I brought no such charge, that I indeed defended the police against it, and ranked them morally with Cabinet Ministers, I do not quite see how I can be the writer referred to.

But if I am, we are at once faced with an illustration of the manner in which official evidence is prepared.

The Fitzroy case is ended, fairly satisfactorily.

But the scandal of Hyde Park is not ended, and will undoubtedly be heard of again, unless the Chief Commissioner of Police infuses a new spirit into certain sections of his Force, and unless the Chief Commissioner is backed up by public opinion.

For of course, as usual, it is the public itself which is to blame for the scandal.

THE police came very badly out of the Fitzroy case.

I have not heard one good word for them in this matter, except such as I have uttered myself.

The police unquestionably must have known the character of the woman whom Sir Almeric Fitzroy was charged with "annoying."

That being so, the charge was obviously preposterous. Why did they bring the charge?

Let the police answer.

Speaking generally, it may be stated that public opinion and the law have put too hard a task on the police.

Public opinion, rightly or wrongly, will not have licensed brothels.

It insists on individualism in prostitution.

THERE are no licensed brothels, but there are hundreds and thousands of separate flats in the West End used notoriously and exclusively by prostitutes for prostitution. These prostitutes need, and must have, a drawing-room or ante-chamber, where they may make acquaintances.

Public opinion insists that that ante-chamber shall be the street or the park. But every prostitute who seeks clients in the street or in the park commits an offence against the law.

Here you have the root of the whole matter.

If the law were enforced the services of thousands of police would be required, cell accommodation would have to be enlarged, and magistrates would have to work overtime.

Alternatively prostitutes would leave the streets, and unlicensed brothels would spring up in hundreds. The one thing that would not happen would be the suppression of prostitution, which is most powerfully supported by unspoken public opinion.

THE police are bound, and are expected, for the sake of convenience, to pick and choose between prostitutes. They seize a girl now and then, to show the rest that the law exists.

Which arrangement puts prostitutes in their power.

Hence the cancer.

The police are not expected to pick and choose between burglars. They cannot pounce on some burglars and let others go.

THERE is no police scandal in relation to burglars.

Think it over. Placed as the police are placed, archangels would find the situation too much for them.

The police are not archangels, but exactly like ourselves.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE Liberal Party is as dead as mutton. Its followers must now either bury themselves in the Conservative Party or be born again in the ranks of Labour. For Labour has gathered to itself nearly all the progressive elements in the community. Its professions are honest and open.

After 16 years of mealy-mouthed Liberalism, with its pickpocket cowardice and political shilly-shallying, the frank expression of Labour's highwayman ideals has been most exhilarating.

The fact that Labour really means business has been proved decisively by the appointment of Ramsay MacDonald as leader. There is going to be no more hedging, no more flirting with Liberalism. For MacDonald is to Clynes what Churchill is to Lloyd George.

THE MacDonald-Churchill policy is downright, hard-hitting, clear-cut, stubborn, offensive—quite the reverse of the temporising, yielding, fence-sitting policy of the other two.

Naturally the comparison can go no further. It would be difficult to imagine two lives so utterly dissimilar, two minds so entirely at variance.

While the former was kicking a ball about the playing-fields of a

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

public school, the latter was earning his living; and when the Englishman was fooling about the world enjoying himself, the Scot was learning how to become a useful member of the community.

THE net result is that Churchill remains what he always was—an adventurer, to whom the governing of his country is a hobby—while MacDonald has trained himself to be a Statesman, to whom the governing of his country is a mission.

Churchill's career has been exciting and episodic. He is like a jack-in-the-box. He pops out, and then pops in again. That is because we are an overgrown Empire and are constantly calling for overgrown boys to help us whenever we have something romantic and warlike to to tempt them with.

MacDonald's career, on the contrary, has been one long, steady grind—an unexciting, unromantic, unpopular, "bide a wee" existence. He has hammered away at facts and figures, studied Blue Books, mastered economics, and spent as much time in the slums as Winston has spent in Mayfair.

HE is going to be a big force in the new House of Commons. In debate he will score all the honours, and Bonar Law's followers will enter the lobby more than once with their tails between their legs. He is intensely conscientious and absolutely abandoned to the cause of truth as he sees it and justice as he feels it.

He happens also to be a gentleman. During the last ten years no one in English public life has been hit so hard or so often as this man merely because he was honest enough to proclaim his opinions.

I AM not here concerned with his opinions, but I am bound to say this of the man: that when he was offered certain unpleasant facts for publication whereby he could have turned the tables on some of his opponents, he completely ignored the offer.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

"The coalition"—critics vow—
"Were simply canvas-spoilers,
But we shall get some *pictures* now,
Instead of mere 'pot-boilers.'"

Now we've a Pussyfoot M.P.
Down at "The Talking Shop,"
A battle royal soon there'll be
'Twixt beer and ginger-pop.

Our boys for "leavers" must no more.
The game at last is dead;
Re-whiskered men they now ignore
And hunt for "Eggs" instead.

When not a neighbour dwarfs above
A man of massive figure,
They can't help wishing he was not
So big and they were bigger.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. A. BONAR LAW, M.P.,
10. Downing Street.

SIR,—Were you quite wise to refuse to see a deputation from the unemployed? A little sympathy and encouragement might have helped to cheer those who are down on their luck. Above all, do you think it wise to issue official attacks on their leaders? The Coalition was far too fond of issuing "dope" to the Press from 10, Downing Street. You are really above such petty and undignified manœuvres. Big minds and little ways go ill together.

JOHN BULL.

To M. CLEMENCEAU,
New York.

DEAR "TIGER,"—You are one of the grand old men of the age, the fighting spirit of France. But do not always growl at England. After all, when we were wanted we were there, and the bulldog was not unworthy of the tiger in the fight. Cultivate the American eagle by all means. But don't forget we were there first, and last, and all the time. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P.,
Home Office.

SIR,—You have begun well—by carefully reading JOHN BULL. One of your first actions was to call for further information on a scandal ventilated in this journal, and to instruct the police to take appropriate action. Go on reading JOHN BULL every week. You will find it very helpful in the crusade for right and justice.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. ASQUITH,
Bedford Square, W.C.

DEAR MARGOT,—Aren't you overdoing it a little? It is true that your anecdotes always show yourself and your husband in the most favourable light. But self-praise is no recommendation, and a wife's public laudation of her husband is as injudicious as it may be embarrassing. Somebody said that the story of humanity began with the Garden of Eden and ends with Revelations. Don't anticipate the end quite so eagerly. JOHN BULL.

To the Sisters TALMADGE,
Film Artistes.

LADIES,—Do you think you are going to get quite the kind of advertisement you sought from the exploitation of Miss Leahy, the thousand-pound film-girl newspaper find? I am rather sorry for her, blushing amidst showers of gold and ovations of cheers. I shall wait till she proves herself a film actress before I hail her as a star. JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Dr. PRESTON KING,
Bath.

SIR,—You say that gibbering idiots should be painlessly removed from the world in a lethal chamber. But who is going to decide which is the gibbering idiot? Is the idiot always the patient, never the doctor? I wonder.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. MARJORIE HARCOURT,
Haverstock Hill, N.W.

MADAM,—At the Bloomsbury County Court, where you were endeavouring to recover £30 from a former tenant in respect of rent, you had the unpardonable impudence to go out of your way to insult Mr Justice Bray and most of the witnesses appearing against you. The Bar Council evidently know as much about your methods as we do, for they have decided to prevent you being called to the Bar. I see you are a doctor, but obviously not a lady, and the sooner you improve your manners the better.

JOHN BULL.

To Captain R. G. R. EVANS, D.S.O.,
H.M.S. Carlisle.

SIR,—Presented with Lloyd's Gold Medal for gallant conduct in saving life at sea, you modestly observed that you were a paid sailor and only did your job. You were in command of the *Broke* when, with the *Swift*, eight German destroyers attacked you. Three of them were sunk. Twice you plunged into the icy waters of the Chinese seas and rescued drowning coolies from their sinking ship. Sir, you are of the true bulldog breed, fit to stand before kings, a worthy comrade of Nelson and Drake. Cordially and proudly I salute you. JOHN BULL.

To ANDREW MACLAREN, Esq., M.P.,
Burslem.

SIR,—You are one of the heroes who fought against militarism during the war—the peace-at-any-price heroes. Elected to Parliament, you told your constituents that your entrance into the House of Commons would be a national event that would ring through the country before eighteen months was over. I do not know if the bull-frog who swelled himself up till he burst was a "Conchie." But you might be warned by his example. Swelled head is an unattractive malady. Unfortunately it is rarely fatal.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. AGNES SAVILL,
London.

DEAR DOC.,—You tell us that the modern girl is often too old at twenty, and too addicted to cocktails and cigarettes. The modern girl is the oldest tradition of the scaremongers. Don't you worry about her. And don't you believe that the tired butterflies of Mayfair represent the modern girl, who did her bit in the war, nursing and clerking, and helping to carry on. We still breed the best men, and the best women, in this island. Don't despair of the country: it still produces honest men and bonnie lasses.

JOHN BULL.

To Colonel WATKIN,
Basil Street, S.W.

DEAR COLONEL,—An ex-officer of the Coldstream Guards, and for twenty years a King's Messenger, you have started an antique shop. You tell us that nearly everything you sell comes from abroad, and that your assistants are Society ladies. Why not try employing working-girls, who have to work to live? Why not sell home-manufactured goods for the most part, instead of foreign specialities? Give the ex-Service men and women a chance in these hard times. The Society ladies can look after themselves.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. FRANK HODGES, M.P.,
House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on arranging an interview with the Premier on the question of miners' wages. It is not the miners, who live a hard and dangerous life, who are responsible for the high price of coal. We don't want nationalisation: the way to avoid it is to get the miners a good day's wage for a good day's work. Good luck to you and them! JOHN BULL.

S. O. S.

POLITICIAN: "Don't worry! I shall be back again early next year."

[Parliament rises next week and will meet again some time in January]

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

THE election of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to the Chairmanship of the Parliamentary Labour Party, carrying with it the Leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons, is a fact which should be accepted without petulant criticism. In the past we have had our differences, always profound and at times bitter, with the Honourable Member for Aberavon, but at the same time we are alive to his great parliamentary gifts and to the stern qualities of mind and purpose which have marked him out for eminence in the world of politics.

The Return of Ramsay

Probably there is hardly a question of the day, and certainly none of yesterday, upon which we should find ourselves in agreement with Mr. MacDonald. But it is far better for all concerned that the Labour Party should be led by a man of intellect and character than by the sort of amiable nonentities to whom we have grown accustomed in the past.

In the war Ramsay MacDonald carried pacifism to the verge of treason, and we did not hesitate to denounce him as an enemy of his country's cause. No syllable of what we then said do we now retract, but none can gainsay the free choice of the Labour Party in regard to its parliamentary leadership.

The nation may hope that the keen analytical mind which was not direct enough to grasp the salient issues of the war may be better adapted to grapple with the problems of peace and to evolve a sane policy from the chaotic aspirations which form the present stock-in-trade of the Labour Party. It will be interesting to hear the new Leader's views on the question of unemployment.

In Mr. Ramsay MacDonald the Prime Minister will meet a foeman worthy of his steel, a keen and practised debater, a parliamentary strategist of the first order. It is well that it should be so, for without first-class leadership of the Opposition there can be no effective pressure upon the Government of the day. Besides, we cannot afford to present the Labour Party with any new grievances just now.

THE country impatiently awaits the first steps in the Government economy campaign. It expects great things of Mr. Stanley Baldwin. If he needs an example it is furnished by Signor Mussolini, the Italian Fascisti Premier, who is wielding the "Axe" with a vengeance in his own sunny land. Perhaps Mr. Baldwin would do well to sit at the feet of this distinguished foreigner and learn of him.

Ration the Departments

Briefly, the worthy Signor proposes to allow each of the great Departments of State so much money to spend and not a *lire* beyond. If they over-spend their allowance, as is the habit of bureaucrats the world over, so much the worse for them; an irate Treasury will demand their heads on a charger.

Each Government office will decide what staff it can afford under the new conditions, and the fewer the officials the larger their stipends. Well may the harassed British taxpayer exclaim "Oh, for an hour of Mussolini!" It is up to Mr. Baldwin.

There is no shadow of doubt in the minds of business men that the only way to stop the present orgy of waste is severely to ration the great spending Departments and to see to it by a rigorous system of Treasury control that their expenditure is kept within definite limits. It can be taken as an axiom that permanent officials will spend all the money they can lay their hands on, and a bit more besides if no one is looking.

We recall the case of the Lord Chancellor's bathroom, upon which the Office of Works amiably expended the sum of £4,000 without parliamentary authority.

This sort of thing must be stamped out with ruthless determination. It might be a good plan if a Financial Commission of both Houses of Parliament were set up to consult with the Heads of Departments and frame recommendations to the Committee of Supply as to the limits of expenditure that should be observed.

Vague promises of economy cut no ice. Pious intentions are of no value. There must be a sound and intelligent system thought out on practical lines and pursued with relentless decision. Otherwise our hopes will be disappointed and we shall rue the vote of confidence we gave Mr. Bonar Law.

NOT long ago we protested with some emphasis against money-making "missions," ostensibly devoted to the "saving of souls," but actually resulting in handsome cash profits for the missioners. It appears that our remarks had a prompt effect, for we notice that "Gipsy" Pat Smith, one of the most notorious of these professional evangelists, has lately displayed signs of grace.

Money and Missions

At the conclusion of his recent campaign at Bristol, Mr. Smith received a cheque for £142 for his own use and benefit, but so chastening has been the effect of the pillory in which he has lately stood, that £42 of this sum was promptly handed back "for future Christian work in the locality."

We commend this shining example to other hot-gospellers who in the past have been too apt to measure the success of their missions by the extent to which they have inflated their bank balances.

It is no doubt a noble thing to save the erring sons of man from the torments of the damned, but such high-souled efforts should be undertaken in a spirit of unselfish benevolence, and the effect is sadly spoilt when the missioner is discovered with one eye only on the penitence stool and the other on the collection plate.

Next time Mr. Smith, who cannot have done so badly during the past few years, may see his way to halve the proceeds, and the time may even come when having amassed a sufficiency of this world's gear, he may find it possible to save souls for nothing; then we have no doubt he will be listened to with patience and respect.

CHRISTMAS is coming. Unfortunately, however, the approach of the winter festival seems to be heralded by a bad outbreak of profiteering. It is in respect of foodstuffs—fish and bacon, fruit and vegetables, confectionery and tinned goods—that the evil is particularly rife, and unless means are found to check it Christmas will be a lean time for the wage-earning classes, and still more for those who earn none.

Food and Revolution

At the end of the war it was light-heartedly assumed that conditions would soon become normal, that the law of supply and demand would assert its unconquerable sway, that in the course of a year or two cheapness and plenty would succeed extortion and famine. This rosy forecast left two things out of account, first, the greed of the profiteer—inflamed by the extravagant gains of wartime—second, the ease with which under modern conditions it is possible for speculators to rig the market.

Except in a few cases we acquit the retailer of responsibility for the present thumb-screw prices, nor need the blame necessarily be laid at the door of the wholesale manufacturer. As far as our observation goes, it is mainly the brokers and middlemen who, taking advantage of conditions which to some extent remain abnormal, have contrived so to manipulate prices as to fill their pockets at the expense of the consumer.

The burden falls heaviest upon the poorest of the poor. It aggravates the evil of unemployment and breeds a bitter resentment which may react disastrously on the social order. The French cynic who, during the Revolution, advised the starving people to eat grass, was no greater criminal than the present day profiteer and no bigger fool than the statesman who allows this predatory evil to rage unchecked.

It is easier far to choke disaffection at birth by wise and watchful prudence than to strike down revolution which has leapt into its stride.

THE appointment of the Earl of Cromer to be Lord Chamberlain raises anew the whole question of the censorship of plays. Why in this year of grace the decision as to what plays it is good for us to see should rest with an officer of the Royal Household is one of the things no man of sense can understand.

A Stupid Anomaly

Perhaps the greatest absurdity of all lies in the fact that a perfectly good Censor of Plays, who happened to be a supporter of Mr. Lloyd George, should vacate his position upon the advent to power of a Conservative Government.

Probably it is necessary that there should be some sort of censorship of the drama, but it is clearly wrong that this important office should be a mere appanage of the Party system.

The Censor of Plays should be a broad-minded man of the world, with a practical knowledge of the drama, and, having been given the job, should hold it on the same terms as other permanent officials.

THE NEW POWER AT WESTMINSTER

by

A. G. GARDINER

I DO not think it can be doubted that, in the large view, the overshadowing result of the General Election is the establishment of the Labour Party as the second of the two great political organisations in the State. Whether the Liberal Party will revive, and under what inspiration and leadership it will revive, if it does revive, are questions which the immediate future will settle. But whatever happens to the Liberal Party, it is clear that when in due course the Conservatives go out of office, Labour will come in.

That is the situation we have to face, and wise people will face it cheerfully. The great peril of this country is the breakdown of Parliamentary Government.

The most important thing in these critical days, therefore, is to preserve the confidence of the working-classes in the Parliamentary institution. They were losing confidence in it because they believed that it was the instrument of property and privilege. The election has restored their confidence.

This is not a matter for regret. It is a matter for rejoicing. The thing to fear is not that Labour should be powerful in the division lobby. The thing to fear is that Labour instead of casting votes should take to casting paving stones, and smashing the social order in sheer despair.

There are firebrands in the Labour Party. Well? Aren't there firebrands in the Tory Party? Is there a more dangerous firebrand in the Labour Party than Mr. Winston Churchill? And is it not better that firebrands should be in the House where they can have their ardour cooled by contact with realities than that they should be left like Ishmaels outside to inflame the mob?

But the main body of the Labour Party are not firebrands. They are plain Englishmen like the rest of us. They have the advantage over other parties of a more direct and intimate knowledge of the conditions of the enormous mass of voiceless people who live in back streets, pass through life without ever knowing what it is to be well-housed or to feel secure beyond the day or the week, and who when unemployment comes are left naked to the elements.

Let us wish them God-speed. They will make mistakes, for they are human; but what party will have the right to throw stones at them on that account? They are serving their apprenticeship to government, and it is well they should serve it in Opposition. They will, I think, be a formidable and instructed Opposition, with a debating power equal to that of any party, and a knowledge and enthusiasm superior to that of any party. They will be a powerful corrective to the Government, and if Mr. Bonar Law is wise he will listen to them.

And so far from seeing the emergence of that power with alarm, we ought to rejoice that it is working through the ancient channels of our Constitution instead of expressing itself in revolt and violence.

A WORD TO

6.—THE DE

by "A GENTLEMA

(*Author of "The M*

IN this, the concluding article of a among all sections of the comm and emphasises the lessons of the Armageddon. After quoting emine British people are much too sen Communistic schemes, he confesses years to come the people of these i bitter trials. Will they be morally triumphant

SOME weeks ago I asked a forcible and commanding banker what he would do if he were Prime Minister of Great Britain. He made answer: "I would resign on a pension."

Then he faced the position, and replied that if he found himself able to stick to so appalling a job he would utterly disregard the people who hated the Turks in 1921 and embrace them in 1922, who demand that this country shall always agree with France on Monday and insist that it should on no account concur in the French view on the following Thursday; he would disregard these people, he said, and devote himself with every ounce of his power to two things—disarmament and economy.

Later I discussed this opinion with one of our boldest merchant adventurers. He said to me: "Your banker is right. The statesman can do nothing to save us, beyond cutting down expenditure and keeping the peace. It is trade alone that can hoist us out of the pit. But the mark continues to depreciate, the franc continues to depreciate. Something has got to break."

I ASKED him if he thought we should be seriously affected, here in Great Britain, if there was a financial smash on the Continent of Europe. His reply struck me as a very singular utterance for a man of business.

He said: "Of course we should feel it: it would be a serious matter for us; but I think Mr. Vanderlip discovered the truth in his recent journey through Europe. Before he took that trip, you may remember, he made a public statement to the effect that the worst calamities of the war were yet to come, and that the British Islands would be the centre of incredible human suffering.

"Now he has changed his mind. I am told that he went back to America entirely convinced that our trade with the Dominions and with South America will keep us clear of absolute starvation until European trade is reorganised. This, I am sure, is true. If it were only a question of the ability of British industry to hold its own against the world, I should have no real misgiving about the future. But there is something more."

THEN he spoke these words: "I am not afraid of the Communist or the Bolshevist: our people are much too sensible to believe in wild-cat schemes for a social or an economic Paradise; but are they, I begin to wonder, sensible enough to resist the many insidious influences of the present day which are, in my opinion, sapping the strength of the British character?

"That is the point. We talk easily of trade and commerce; but trade and commerce are only two terms for the human being at particular kinds of work. What sort of person is the average human being in these islands at the present time? I wonder! The average man and the averag woman—are they strong enough to bea the strain?

"You see, the strain is going to last fo some years, and it will be of a nature tha only a very robust moral character ca endure. Will our people be able to stand it I am not sure."

I can make no better end to these articles I think, than by stating the doubt of thi very able man of affairs. I have endeavoure to lay before my readers in as simple languag as the subject will allow the salient facts o our British dilemma.

THE world, with whom we must trade i we are to support so large a population i these small islands, is unable to pay the pric we demand for our goods. Those goods ar too dear for this impoverished world becaus the taxes levied by the Government, th rates levied by the local authorities, the pric demanded by the merchant for his coal and the wages paid to the workmen wh make them, render it wholly impossible fo the manufacturers to offer them any cheaper

There is another and a most significan factor in this economic problem. Th wages of the people have fallen, so that th manufacturer is suffering not only abroad but here also, in the home market. It is in the interest of no manufacturer to depres wages.

ON the contrary, to double wages would be equivalent to doubling the number o his customers. The more money there is in the purses of British housekeepers the bette it is for the British manufacturers. But wages are falling, production is slowing down, and the cost of living is high becaus goods are scarce.

The way out of this tremendous difficulty is, first, for the Government to leave industry to manage its own affairs, to reduce taxation to a genuine minimum, and to work with an urgent enthusiasm for peace and disarma ment. Second, the leaders of the working classes, recognising that their policy in the past has been destructive of democratic happiness, should make a fresh, and friendly approach to the managers of capital and see whether a working arrangement cannot be

THE WORLD

L'S DISCIPLES

WITH A DUSTER"

n of Downing Street," etc.)

ies which has excited profound attention ty, our brilliant contributor summarises ost overwhelming situation created by authority for his conviction that the e to believe in wild-cat Bolshevik or t he holds that for at any rate some nds will be called upon to pass through d physically strong enough to emerge from the test?

established to the advantage of both parties. Third, the entire nation should direct its main attention for the next five years to the adventure of industry, throwing its whole strength, its whole courage, and its whole intelligence into the work of establishing once again the prosperity of British commerce.

This is a summary of the counsel I have offered to my readers on the authority of men whose right to deliver judgment is proved by their eminence in the two hemispheres of industry and finance. These men tell the nation that if they are left alone to manage their affairs, and if the Government will lighten the burden which is crushing British industry to the earth, they can save the country.

THEY do not profess that they can bring heaven to earth; they foresee that we shall all have to live hard for the next few years; one of them, indeed, tells me that we might well adopt the Spartan motto of America after the Civil War—"Root, hog, or die!"—but they do say that, with the nation behind them, they can keep the pot boiling till better times arrive, and so save to these islands 20,000,000 people who would otherwise have to emigrate.

This is the message of a body of singularly able men, who know all the facts of the situation, and who cannot, like the Government, dip their hands into the pockets of the people when they make a miscalculation in their ventures. They speak with a grave sense of responsibility.

BUT this profession of ability to save us from ruin turns, it will be seen, on the character of the British people.

Are we serious enough to face a desperate situation? Do we realise that morality is imperatively indispensable to our material prosperity? Is there in the mind of the nation a clear apprehension of its infinite responsibility towards the next generation?

I bring no indictment against my fellow-countrymen. In a spirit of very real humility I acknowledge with deep reverence and a profound gratitude the noble qualities of fortitude and heroic good sense with which the great body of the nation is bearing its present wretchedness; but I make no scruple about charging a number of people in the country with doing all in their miserable power to destroy the moral seriousness of Britain and to minister to the basest appetites of the weakest members of the community.

THE Communist attacks merely the structure of civilisation; these people—playwrights, novelists, journalists, painters and leaders of fashion—attack its foundations. They sneer at morality and call it "suburban." They ridicule seriousness, modesty, self-sacrifice, chivalry, honour, thrift, and the domestic virtues. They exhibit all that is noble in life as something for the derision of intelligent people, and all that is contemptible and destructive of the social order they expose as something that belongs to a higher culture.

These disciples of the Devil, these grinning dilettanti of flippancy, cynicism, and self-indulgence are poisoning the wells of human life. They are corrupting the minds of many weak people. They are creating an atmosphere in our national existence which may easily suffocate aspiration and perhaps may presently paralyse moral energy.

I WOULD utter a word of warning on this subject. There is a spirit in our literature and journalism, particularly our illustrated journalism, which is breeding in the minds of an unthinking mob the terrible illusion that moral wisdom is something old-fashioned and ludicrous. Let these people know that moral wisdom is *essential* to human security—essential to commercial prosperity, essential to the safety of human life.

In turning the prudes and puritans out of doors, these people admit the anarchist and the assassin. The elegant sneer of the literary cynic becomes horrible indeed in the face of the political apache. No one, I think, if anarchy arrived in the drawing-rooms of Bohemia with hobnails and cudgels, would scream louder for a policeman than these sniggering dabblers in nasty-mindedness who are now attempting to sneer morality out of countenance, and do not perceive that they may sneer it out of existence.

It is time the nation turned its back on these people. They should be treated as healthy schoolboys treat a foul-minded boy in their midst, or as decent people treat the man who would tell them what are called "smoking-room stories." Their minds are corrupt. They are mentally diseased. Their souls reek of the pit.

IF we are to endure the strain of the next few years we must feed our minds with thoughts which are strong, beautiful, and true. There must be no moral slackness in our hearts, no rank and rotting pollution in our souls. A great mission is given to us: it is to save Great Britain. In that task, which will try us to the point of exhaustion, a set of degenerates can render us no help.

LAWFUL LADIES

by

HAROLD OWEN

SO at last we have got the woman barrister. Not the theoretical article (just to show defiantly that the thing could be done), but the practical, deadly-earnest actuality, all capped and gowned, striding the corridors of the Law Courts clutching learned tomes, sitting among the juniors in court, taking notes, following cases, turning over documents . . . Everything, in fact, except briefs.

And what is one to say of this new phenomenon? First of all, we will try the routine and expected thing, which goes somewhat like this: "At last Woman has struck off the rusty fetters which enslaved her even in the very Temple of the Law! At last she has smashed the idol of sex privilege which made even the sacred cause of Justice the prerogative of one tyrannical sex! What will she do with her new freedom?

"There can be no doubt that with her superior intuition, her acuter perceptions, her broader and finer sympathies, her womanly insight into the deeper problems of the Human Heart, her natural aptitude to plead for the innocent and her firm determination to unmask the guilty, she will ennoble the profession of the Law."

Did I hear the disrespectful ejaculation "Slop"? It is not my fault—I am merely summarising the extravagant and ecstatic nonsense by which the new freedom was urged. But let us come down to earth and say the unfashionable thing. Is there no objection whatever to the woman barrister? There is. When ex-Lord Chancellor Buckmaster introduced his Bill in 1917 to throw open the legal profession to women, he asked why should man have the monopoly of being a solicitor or a barrister

The simple answer is, Because woman has her own monopoly, and if man alone was eligible to become a barrister, *woman alone is eligible to become the barrister's wife.* It is because man has hitherto been regarded as the breadwinner, and that distinction is recognised by the legal liability of a man to maintain his wife and by such statutes as the Married Women's Property Act.

The reason man has worked for woman is that she is his mate and complement, but he is certainly not going to work for an economic rival.

However, some day these things will be seen more clearly than now. Meanwhile, it is to be noted that the very day which saw the full-fledged woman barrister also saw the Women's Freedom League urging that boys should be brought up to "cooking and housecraft." Certainly, one folly involves the other. But a "reform" which sees girls studying for the Bar and boys taught to mess about the kitchen is not "social progress" at all. It is what the Duke of Wellington (or it may have been the late Archbishop of Canterbury) called "damned incoherent nonsense."

Secret Society's Amazing Exploits

The amazing case in Cardiff where a dead Chinaman was found with three unconscious white women on a bed, apparently all having taken part in an opium debauch, gives prominence to the following article. So serious has become the increasing tendency of black and yellow men to consort with white women that a Secret League of the Lash has come into being, based upon—but entirely distinct from—the celebrated Ku Klux Klan of America. Its membership is rapidly increasing and "vengeance" of a peculiar character is meted out upon those who fall beneath the ban of the League.

VAGUE statements have appeared recently to the effect that the dreaded American secret society, the Ku Klux Klan, has established a branch, or branches, in this country. This is not true. We have no desire to allow Yankee extremists to graft their societies upon us, while it must be remembered that the K.K.K., as operating in the States, is mainly a political force.

But there has come into being during the past few months a remarkable organisation that owes its inspiration to the Ku Klux Klan, and to a certain extent is modelled upon some of its methods. The main characteristic is secrecy; another is that it aims to protect white women against black and yellow; while finally it metes out punishment upon those who fall beneath its ban.

It came into being through the indignation of several men, living in Cardiff, against the terrible manner in which white girls were being exploited by yellow men. In that city nearly all the laundries are run by "Chinks." They employ white women and girls, and in nearly every instance the proprietor will be found to have a white "wife." Almost without exception these women are corrupted by their yellow masters. Time after time Cardiff has been shocked by revelations of life in the Chinese quarter, and always there is the same sensational story of white girls who deliberately ally themselves with yellow men.

The same story is repeated in other large shipping centres and in London. In the Metropolis, the Chinamen are forsaking the East End for the West, and there in luxurious splendour they spin the web of love and intrigue: for the "Chink" desires above all things to boast that he has a white woman as his "wife," who will be found very useful to carry on his plans of dope running, etc.

As to the lure of the black man, in these days of highly-paid coloured jazz performers, etc., niggers are extremely prominent in Bohemia, the Underworld, and even in decent Society. These men, finding it pleasant indeed to be "made a fuss of" by white girls, strut and swell with intolerable airs. Almost every one has a girl in his clutch: marriage is rarely spoken of, for the dusky Don Juan knows full well that when he has tossed one piece of "the white trash" aside, another dainty morsel will be his for the asking.

In fact, the consorting of our white women with yellow and coloured men has become such a scandal that some drastic steps were bound to be taken sooner or later by the forming of a secret organisation to strike terror into the heart of these men who will not take the hint that they are offensive.

At Cardiff there have been several incidents that acquire a fresh significance when recalled in the light of the information contained in this article.

Some time ago a certain Chinaman made himself most objectionable by deliberately flaunting several girls as his companions. They were over age and beyond parental control: it must be admitted that they willingly gave themselves to the lure of the yellow dandy who fascinated them. One day he received a letter warning him that he was given seven days to dissociate himself from white girls. He treated the matter as a joke.

One night he was spirited away by a small group of men. The abduction was carried out by means of a motor. He did not recognise any of his assailants. Arriving at a lonely spot, he found himself in the centre of a crowd of masked men. A paper was read stating his "crime." He was then stripped and lashed with severity. Afterwards he was told that a repetition of his offence would mean consequences more serious—further, that he must clear out of Cardiff at once. He cleared.

The "lodges" are held whenever a complaint has to be investigated. The allegations are then strictly examined, and, if proved, a first warning letter is sent. If this is disregarded, action follows. In every proved case the lash is used, the proceedings being conducted at some exceptionally lonely spot reached by motor cars.

The West End is infested with yellow and black degenerates who use white girls as bait for their unholy traps. In some cases they are so cunning in their methods that they escape the police net. For it must be recollected that many of their white tools, with amazing lack of moral perception, actually shield these creatures, and when tackled by the police refuse to give their coloured paramours away.

Here are one or two specimen cases already under investigation:

A highly-paid jazz performer who lives with a white girl and forces her to a life of immorality so that he may have more money to dissipate.

A wealthy West End "Chink" who has a white girl in his clutch, whom he uses as a "runner" for dope.

A black brute who is married to a white woman. He compels her to assist in keeping a house of ill-fame.

The police, if they wish to investigate some of these cases cited, should make a few inquiries in High Street, Bloomsbury, and in the crowded neighbourhood between Tottenham Court Road, Goodge Street, Warren Street, etc.

A London "lodge" of the K.K.K. proposes to deal with these cases.

Some time ago racial riots occurred in some of the northern seaports as the result of the insolence of coloured men who consorted with white women. White men formed themselves into groups and exacted vengeance upon their own account. Then suddenly it all died away. The fact is the sudden silence merely indicated that a Ku Klux Klan Lodge had come into being. For one of the first rules is *secrecy*. And nothing can be

more terrifying to the alien, long used to the benevolent protection of this indulgent country, than to feel himself up against an invisible agency watching, censuring, warning, and if necessary punishing.

It must not be imagined that the League of the Lash can be used by any person who has a grudge against a coloured man or who wishes to exploit some private malice. The facts of the following can be absolutely vouched for and are illuminating:—

A certain white man conceived jealousy for a coloured man who played the violin in a West End night club. He laid before the London "Lodge" an alleged case of improper behaviour on the part of the "coon" with his wife and pressed for an "example." But the matter was very carefully sifted, and the facts were proved to be quite untrue; the coloured musician happened to be a very law-abiding fellow who had unfortunately supplanted the white man in a job.

After investigation, the complainant was severely reprimanded and informed that except for a strong recommendation to mercy from another member he would have been expelled.

How widespread the ramifications of this new Secret Society is becoming may be believed when it can be stated that in Liverpool, Swansea, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow—to mention a few large centres—Lodges are being formed.

The object of these bands may be compared to the programme laid down by the Vigilantes in the early days of San Francisco: "Not to use Injustice, but to protect our White Women from the evil touch of the Chinese and other coloured men."

From facts already collected, it is astounding the manner in which white women are being exploited by coloured men. The following list tells its own tale:—

Unpaid assistants in Laundries.
White women living with coloured men are being used as:
- Agents for immorality among sailors coming ashore.
- Dope runners in Night Clubs.
- Purveyors of pornographic pictures.
- Advance agents for luxurious opium "parties."
- Agents for cocaine and other drugs.

The League has a Symbol—the dagger surmounted by the three "K's." Those who fall beneath the displeasure of the League will receive in mysterious fashion the Sign. If disregarded, vengeance will follow.

Although, unfortunately, some classes of grave moral offence are ignored by the law, we are far from advocating "mob justice." It will, however, be perceived that most of the cases cited above are transgressions of our present code—the only excuse for secret tribunals being that the authorities are not active. Let them exert themselves at once. These irregular proceedings lead to anarchy

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified.

The 5s. Woman

"I HAVE reached the point where I do not care for myself, though I care for the few who love me. My age is 28. I was married at 17. The marriage was an outrage for which those responsible, I hope, will be forgiven. My husband was not many years my senior, but a man with a perverted mind and a cruel heart. From the first, before even the glimmerings of love were in my heart, before even that preliminary tenderness which leads to a perfect surrender was experienced, I was his chattel—something to be used and left until he was ready to use me again.

"In the war I met a man who was all kindness and consideration—a good man, who, though at last I was his for the asking, never asked. It was I who made him take me away. For a week we were happy, and then, one horrible morning, he left me to return to his ship, and a week after I learnt of his death at Zeebrugge.

"My husband came for me to take me back, and to my astonishment and my grief, was kind and thoughtful. He took all the blame on himself, said that I should never have another unhappy moment. I went back to him, and gradually he chained me to him. Do you know what that means? He made friends of my friends, so that in the end I could have nowhere to go. And when he had me fast, there began the daily agony which has been mine for seven years.

"One morning at breakfast he pushed five shillings across the table. The night before he had 'loved' me in his own fashion.

"Every time this has occurred, the price has come. Generally at breakfast. Some day I shall kill him. I know that. Some day the strain will be so terrible that all my remaining ideas of right and wrong will go out. And I shall poison him and give myself up to the police. I have half-an-ounce of cyanide of potassium . . . no jury can treat me worse than he. Death would be a happiness."

"HUMANIST" says: *That your husband is a cold-blooded brute who is gradually killing your reason, does not justify any such horrible crime as you contemplate. I take the responsibility of advising you to leave him. Though you sent neither name nor address, it is clear that you live in London. Get out—go away, do anything—starve, go into the workhouse—anything but carry out your mad scheme. Throw your cyanide into the fire.*

From Comfort to Poverty

I JOINED the Colours in October, 1917, when my class was called, leaving a good remunerative business which I carried on myself, with an errand boy — taking £2,600 and leaving a gross profit of about £400.

"My wife carried on to the best of her ability, but she could not do my rounds, with the result that on my demobilisation (March, 1919) the business had fallen to £1,500, the stock (Gent's Clothing, Hosiery, and Boots) was in a very bad state—and trade accounts in arrears, so that I was insolvent. I, however, decided to have a try and pick up the lost ground, which I did to a certain extent. And in two years I reduced my liabilities by £450 or £460, when the strain began to tell on me and I had a deal of ill-health all the winter of 1921-22. By June, 1922, what with the slump in trade and constant worry, I had a severe breakdown and reluctantly had to give up altogether, giving a deed of assignment in favour of my creditors on January 20th, acting on advice given, since I was physically incapable of carrying on.

"I have had three months' rest in the country to recuperate, and for the past two months have been tramping and cycling from place to place looking for work, without success. Nobody seems to want a man of 45 now. Our home has gone—jewellery and clothing, etc., have been pawned or sold to provide food and sustenance, and I am now at my wits' end to provide for my wife and children (aged 6½ and 11). I have one daughter of 15, who has got a job in a confectioners' shop at 5s. per week and food, and another of 13½, who is being educated at a secondary school in return for services in teaching the kindergarten.

"Since I have not been insured under N.H.I. or paid for unemployment stamps under the same scheme, I am not even entitled to draw the dole. I made application to the Unity Relief Fund for ex-Service Men for a small loan (£25) five weeks ago in order to get a little stock to start again, but have not yet heard their decision.

"We are now living in two furnished rooms and haven't enough money to provide food for this week, let alone pay the rent."

"Humanist" says: Your story is unfortunately one of the most common which come to me. And there seems to be no remedy other than an understanding on the part of us who have not suffered that our responsibilities to our men do not begin and end in the two minutes' silence. Perhaps some readers in our correspondent's line of business will give a hand to an unfortunate fellow-tradesman.

The Woman who Married Again

"I AM 28 years of age. I was left without parents at seven years, both dying within three months of each other. Being without a friend, I was knocked about from post to post. One night I was out in the cold without a place of shelter, so I crept off to my dear mother's grave and slept there, a broken-hearted girl. I grew, hoping for the best God could give me, and met a young man, one of the best, so we got married and made a little home for ourselves. I felt the happiest woman in the world. We had just been married 12 months when a dear little baby was born. Then my husband was called out to war and left us to carry on. I only had two letters—a third, telling me he had been killed. I was doing the best I could, when a young man came begging me to marry him. He said he would be so kind to us both, so I took the step and he has turned out to be a rotter to us. He spent all my gratuity which I got when I remarried, and won't work a day. I am going out cleaning, trying to earn food for me and baby. I am a broken-hearted woman. I feel there is nothing to live for. What can I do, sir, for the best? Yesterday, I pawned my first husband's medals for food for baby for two shillings, and it is breaking my heart, for I thought so much of them, with him having been killed. Whatever can I do, please? Is there no way out of it?"

"Humanist" says: There is no remedy for unfortunate women who are placed as you are. If you had a brother who could give him a good licking, it might help. Leave him—you'd have one less to provide for. I am extremely sorry for you, my girl, and I am sure that every one of my readers will be.

ONE GUINEA will be awarded each week to the sender of what in the opinion of "Humanist" is the best Human Document appearing on this page. This week's winner is "THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED AGAIN."

Why Not Dress Well?

We place within your reach, no matter what your income, the means of being well dressed. We are here to give credit, and if you want credit we want you.

We make a perfect-fitting

OVERCOAT or LOUNGE SUIT on Easy Terms from 63/- to measure.

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Call if you can at any of our Establishments and get our free patterns and style booklet, or write stating if overcoat or suit patterns are required, and they will be sent free together with our simple self-measurement form.

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Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

"CAN I offer you a glass of mineral water?" inquired Mr. Edwin Scrymgeour, M.P., when the Impertinent Interviewer called on him.

"You can offer it," replied Bertie cheerfully, "but nothing short of armed force will make me accept. Tell me, though, before we go any further—how *DO* you pronounce your remarkable name?"

"Ha, ha! the Sassenachs always ask that. My name, Mr. Bull, is pronounced 'Skrimjur.' It's an old Scottish name and means skirmisher! However, I'm not out for skirmishes, but for pitched battles upon behalf of the under-dog and prohibition."

"I've heard of the fight you put up for the under-dog as a member of the Dundee Town Council and I admire you for it," remarked Bertie; "but if you wish to prevent me drinking anything except the beverages *you* happen to like, I'm up against you."

"All the same, I mean to go ahead," replied the other cheerfully. "I intend giving notice of a Prohibition Bill, which has already been drafted. I want to do away with alcohol altogether."

"Even for medicinal purposes?"

"If used for medicine it should be labelled 'Poison,'" was the prompt reply, "for it's only a form of bottled death."

"O, Death, where is thy sting?" murmured Bertie.

"Sometimes the sting is in the tail—if it happens to be a cocktail."

The Interviewer grinned. "One to you, Ned," he admitted. "If you are a crank, at least you're a cheerful one. I suppose that's what helped to endear you to the lads and lasses o' bonnie Dundee? Personally, I can almost forgive you for being a 'Pussyfooter,' seeing that you took the 'wind' out of 'Winston.'"

"The trouble with Winston," announced the new M.P., "was that he became afflicted with megalomania and spent most of his time telling the electors that he was indispensable."

"One of his 'terminological inexactitudes'?" suggested Bertie.

"Yes; Winston's terminological inexactitudes are as numerous as his hats and flow as freely as his tears."

"I understand," remarked the Interviewer, "that he denies having wept at the declaration of the poll."

"Perhaps he didn't—neither did Dundee!" chuckled Mr. Scrymgeour. "I knew the day before the poll that I would come out on top, for Dundee was suffused with a roseate light."

"You won't find much roseate light in London, I'm afraid," observed Bertie, glancing at the fog.

"I suppose not; but I'll do my best to disperse the fog at Westminster," was the reply. "My sympathies, you know, are all with Labour, but I don't intend to do anything violent with a claymore."

"I'm glad to hear that, and also to have met you personally and found that you're not the mountebank some of Winston's press supporters have represented you to be," said Bertie heartily.

"Thanks; if it were not for my principles, I would have pleasure in drinking your health, Mr. Bull."

"You can do that," Bertie told him, "the first time you shout a cup of tea on the Terrace for Lady Astor; and I'll return the compliment when next I treat myself to a glass of poison-and-soda."

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"ATHLETA BOOK OF RULES":—"If a goalkeeper has been HANGED without the Referee being notified, a penalty-kick must be awarded."

"SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND STAR":—"Senor Ferreira Mesquita . . . was SHOT yesterday. . . . He escaped death as THE REVOLVER DID NOT GO OFF."

"BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO" (advertisement):—Large TABBY KITTEN REFUSES TO LEAVE. . . . TOM KITTEN WANTED."

"PEG'S PAPER":—"Peplow . . . had found proof that GRACE ELNAUT was Barry's HUSBAND."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (according to "LLOYD'S SUNDAY NEWS"):—"Is this nation to LIE DOWN IN TORPOR and STAND STILL?"

"THE WIZARD":—"'BACK TO BACK!' Victor cried. . . . The THREE young Britishers formed into a little SQUARE."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—"Quite a large body of Scottish fishermen and fish workers (ABOUT 20,000, I am told) will ACCOMPLISH A WALKING TOUR ROUND THE WORLD ON NOVEMBER 15."

"MAGNET LIBRARY":—"He returned in ten minutes, looking his usual self, save for the faint MARK ON HIS CHEEK which showed where a knife had narrowly MISSED."

THE CARAVAN IN WINTER

Despairing Efforts to Feed the Bairns

ON a piece of ground not far from a populous and busy city in the North there stands a caravan.

It is not a picture of care-free, Elysian delights we present to you. No rhymester would write a jingling song about it.

With unconscious irony that is none the less grim, the caravan is called "Askew Ville." Things have indeed gone awry with the family whose home it is.

There is a harassed and haggard man whose brows are knit with worry and anxiety. There is a pale-faced woman clasping an infant to the breast that holds so little nourishment for it. There are two other children, peaked and thin, crying for food.

Well may they cry, for there is not a scrap of food in the caravan.

"I am about demeuted trying to get some existence for my wife and three bairns," writes the man.

He is an ex-Sergeant, who served with the Highland Light Infantry and the 1st Battn. the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). As a soldier he proved he was no shirker of duty or danger, for when with the latter regiment he won the M.S.M.

The dark clouds of distress and unemployment, however, hover over heroes as well as slackers, and his experience has been bitter.

For nine months now he has been out of work. He drew the dole until about four months ago, and then took out a pedlar's certificate and tried to earn a little in that way.

"But times being so hard," he continues, "and the undoubted increase in pedlars makes it impossible for me to even feed us all on bread and margarine, so I am applying to you knowing full well that if I prove my case you will readily help me.

"If you can help, for God's sake do it quickly, as this cannot go on for long now."

He has proved his case—we have seen to that—and we have sent him a little help. It is less than we could wish, but our means are so small and the calls are so great.

Remember that our capacity to help is limited by the extent of your support.

Send us something for our "Greatest of These" Fund, and "do it quickly."

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Tim," 2d.; "Family," 2s. 2d.; "Sandhill," 1s. 6d.; J. S. P. (Smethwick), 2s. 9d.; "One Ninth," 3s.; "Rawdon," 1s. 5d.; "Michel la Malheur," 1s. 4d.; E. J. (Stockport), 1s. 8d.; "Old Reader," 7½d.; "Worcester Sauce," 1s. 5d.; "Another Niner," 2s.; "A Bewdley Ninth," 9d.; "Another Ninth," 1s.; "A Miner's Ninth," 6½d.; M. T. B., 3½d.; "Ninth," 4d.; "Fleetwood Ninth," 5s. 10d.; L. F. (Sheffield), 8d.; Anon., 9d.; "Malpasian Ninth," 7s. 1d.; "A War Widow," 2s.; "Just for Luck," 1s. 8d.; "Another Ninth," 1s.; "Wee Ninth," 7d.; "Bull Dog" (Cambridge), 4½d.; "Our Ninth" (Burford), 6d.; "An Old Bullets Tryer," 1s.; "Try It," 6d.; "One Ninth" (Liverpool), 1s. 1½d.; "Another Ninth," 2s. 6d.; A. A., 1s.; F. A. P., 2s.; "A Ninth" (Dumbarton), 6d.; "Three Ninths Pompey," 1s. 6d.; "Wellwisher," 6d.; "Ninth" (Greenock), 1s.; Anon., 1s. 3d.; "Wellwisher's Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "Sympathiser's Ninth," 3d.; "Unemployed ex-Soldier's Wife's Ninth," 9d.; "Nin-e-donor," 2s. 6d.; "Widow's Mite," 9d.; J. H. M. (Stanwell), 1s. 9d.; "My Ninth," 9½d.; "Daisy's Ninth" (Norwich), 6d.; "Great Dane," 4s.; Anon., 2s.; "Yours for Truth," 1s. 5d.; Anon., 1s. 3d.; "Bolton," 1s.; Mrs. J. G., 1s. 10d.; "Nuff Sed," 1s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 1s.; "Bertie," 2s. 7d.; "Liverpool," 6d.; "Grandma," parcel; "Diana," 1s.; Miss L. B., 4s.; K. F. (St. Helens), parcel; "Out of Work," 6d.; "Mary," 1s.; J. O. J., 1s. 8d.; G. A. (Batley), 2s.; "My Ninth" (Haslemere), 1s.; "Sidney," 2s.; W. J. S., 1s. 5½d.; F. C., 6d.; J. L. C. (Edinburgh), 1s.; W. G., 1s.; H. C., 6d.; "Another Ninth," 16s. 9d.; A. N., 8s. 6d.; E. C. (Ylewsley), 8d.; A. M. D., 1s. 10½d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; F. W., 6d.; A. P., 9d.; G. E., 2s. 1d.; "Ninth" (Widnes), 1s. 6d.; "Window Cleaner," 2s.; "Blacking," 6d.; Anon., 9½d.; "Ripon," 1s.; Mrs. E. J. B., 1s.; E. K. (Fremantle), 10½d.; R. A. S., 1s. 10½d.; "Pip's Second Ninth," 1s. 0½d.; M. O'R., 1s. 6d.; "Nearly Desperate," 2s. 9d.; "Glasgow Miner," 2½d.; "Our Ninth" (Birmingham), 7d.; Anon., 1s. 1½d.; "One Ninth" (Bristol), 3d.; E. J. (Putney), 2s. 6d.; F. H. B., 2s. 3d.; "A Reader," 1s.; "Ninth," 2d.; "Lucky Ninth," 1s. 7d.; "Ninth, M. S.," 3d.; S. Y. (Workington), 10d.; "Lucky Nine," J. W. B., 1s. 2d.; "Patsy," 9½d.; "Just a Ninth," 10d.; "Black Cat" (Swansea), 10d.; F. M. J., 7d.; J. B. (Marple), 4s.; "A Ninth from Mother and Child," 6d.; "A Little Ninth," 2½d.; R. C., 2s.; "Down and Almost Out," 11d.; "Poor Old Elizabeth," 5½d.; W. L. S., 3d.; R. L. C., 18s. 8d.; "An Unlucky One," 2½d.; "Three Ninths," 7½d.; "Dog," 4½d.; M. A. B., 1s. 2d.; "Fruity's Ninth" (Plymouth), 9d.; "Baby's Ninth," 4s. 2d.; 1s.; "Plodding Bank Clerk's Ninth," 4s. 2d.; "Jeff," 1s. 3d.; W. H., 7d.; "Ninth" (Peacehaven), 11d.; "One Ninth" (Crewe), 1s. 4d.; C. F., 2s. 4d.; J. W., 1½d.; Anon., 4d.; "My Ninth," 2½d.; "Old Bill and Mrs. Bill," 3s.; "One Ninth," 6d.; K. B., 2s.; W. B. S., 6d.; "One Ninth," 9d.; L. T. (Coventry), 4d.; "Brodrick and Wee Pudden," 3s.; G. B. (Hampstead), 2s. 4d.; P. H., 6d.; "Old Sweat," 1s. 4½d.; T. D. M., 2s.; Anon., 10½d.; "Carlo," 1s.; "Ex-Service Man," 2½d.; S. B., 1s.; "13," 1s.; "My Ninth" (Birmingham), 2½d.; "Three Unlucky Ninths," 8½d.; Mrs. O. J. L., 2s. 2½d.; "Unemployed" (Dartford), 1s. 1d.; "Soldier's Widow" (Kent), 6d.; "A New Widow," 4d.; R. C. H., 1½d.; A. J. M. H., 1s.; "My Ninth," (Wokingham), 1s. 7d.; W. B., 1s. 8d.; H. S. W., 3s. 6d.; "Another Ninth," 2s.; "Unemployed," (Portsmouth), 6d.; "Two Ninths," 1s.; "Tom and Sophie," 1s. 4½d.; "A Rotten Bullcteer," 1s. 8d.; F. B. (Barnsley), 1s. 9d.; "Beccles," 1s.; Mrs. S. H., 3s.; "Eds," 4½d.; "A Hopeful Ninth," 9d.; H. F. M., 5s.; "An Unemployed Man's Ninth," 6½d.; "Sport," 8½d.; "Out of Work" (Charlton), 1s.; "Ill Health," 1s. 3d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Christmas starts next Friday!

Steal a march on the joys of Christmas by getting your copy of "John Bull's" Xmas Xtra Number, Price 6d. on Friday, December 1st.

On that day you can revel in 48 pages of real old-fashioned Christmas cheer.

You can fairly see the mistletoe and the holly in stories like these: "A Christmas Eve Match," "The Man Who Caught the Xmas Spirit," "Christmas Pantomime," "The Ghost of Sprockley Hall," "The New Scrooge," and many, many more.

You will easily know this number on the bookstalls by its jolly cover, which is as jolly as the stories inside.

Start Xmas earlier this year by reading 'John Bull's' Xmas Xtra.

READ THESE LETTERS.

The following letters are typical of the thousands received from men and women who have learnt French, Spanish or German by the new Pelman method.

MONTHS EQUAL YEARS.

I have managed, during the past few months, to obtain a better knowledge of colloquial and idiomatic French than I acquired in three years at school. **(C. 416)**

EIGHT MONTHS EQUAL EIGHT YEARS.

This is the easiest and quickest way of learning foreign languages. I was not able to study very regularly, but in the space of EIGHT MONTHS I have learnt as much Spanish as I learnt French in EIGHT YEARS at school. **(S.K. 119)**

RESULT OF EIGHT WEEKS' STUDY.

I was invited lately to meet a Spanish lady . . . she was filled with genuine surprise and admiration at the amount I had learnt in EIGHT WEEKS. I do most of it in omnibuses and at meals. **(S.H. 219)**

FOUR MONTHS EQUAL FOUR YEARS.

I am delighted with the progress I have made.

I have learned more French this last FOUR MONTHS than I did in FOUR YEARS. I enjoyed the Course thoroughly. **(W. 149)**

SPANISH IN SIX MONTHS.

I am very satisfied with the progress I have made. I can read and speak with ease, though it is LESS THAN SIX MONTHS since I began to study Spanish. All the lessons have interested me very much. **(S.M. 181)**

FRENCH LEARNT IN SIX MONTHS.

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on your Cours de Francais.

After several years' drudgery at school I found myself with scarcely any knowledge of the French language, and certainly without any ability to use the language. I realise now that the method was wrong.

After about SIX MONTHS' STUDY by the Pelman method I find I have practically mastered the language. **(B. 143)**

ASTONISHING PROGRESS.

I am more than satisfied with the progress I have made—I am astonished! It would have taken me AS MANY YEARS to learn by any ordinary system as much as I have learnt IN SIX MONTHS by yours. **(P. 145)**

ONE-THIRD THE USUAL TIME.

I have learnt more and better French in the LAST FOUR MONTHS than previously I had learnt in THRICE THAT PERIOD.

Short of living in France or Belgium, or having a French tutor, your plan affords the only possible hope of learning to make oneself understood verbally or on paper in the French language. **(M. 241)**

Further letters describing the merits of the new method will be found in the illustrated book, "How to Learn Languages," which will be sent free to everyone who uses the coupon printed on this page to-day.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES

by ANTHONY SOMERS.

I have discovered a remarkable method of learning Foreign Languages, a method for which I have been looking all my life. I only wish I had known of it before; what toil, what drudgery, what disappointment I should have been saved!

It has sometimes been said that the British people do not possess the "gift of tongues." Certainly I never possessed that gift. At school I was hopeless. When the subject was French or German, Latin or Greek, I was always somewhere near the bottom of my form. And yet in other subjects—English or History or Mathematics—I held my own quite well. I have now come to the conclusion—my recent experience has convinced me of this—that the reason I failed to learn languages was that the method of teaching was wrong.

Now, although I never could "get on" with Foreign Languages, I have always wanted to know them—especially French. I have wanted to read the great French authors in the original. I have wanted to read Racine and Victor Hugo and Balzac, and that great critic whom Matthew Arnold so much admired, Sainte Beuve, in French, and not merely through the medium of a characterless translation. Besides, I have wanted to spend holidays abroad without being tied to a phrase-book. And so I have often tried to find a method which would really teach me a Foreign Language. And at last I have found it.

HOW TO LEARN LANGUAGES.

Some time ago I saw an announcement entitled "A New Method of Learning French, Spanish and German." Of course, I read it, and when I saw that this method was being taught by the well-known Pelman Institute, I wrote for their illustrated book, "How to Learn Languages." and this so interested me that I enrolled for the Course in **FRENCH**. Frankly, it has amazed me. Here is the method I have wanted all my life. It is quite unlike anything I have seen or heard of before, and its simplicity and effectiveness are almost startling.

Consider, for example, this question with which the book (which, by the way, can be obtained free of charge) opens.

"Do you think you could pick up a book of 400 pages, written in a language of which you do not know a syllable—say, Spanish or Italian or French—and not containing a single English word, and read it through correctly without once referring to a dictionary?"

Most people will say that such a thing is impossible. Yet this is just what the Pelman method of language instruction enables one to do, and so remarkable is this method that I shall be greatly surprised if it doesn't revolutionise the normal method of teaching languages in this and other countries.

The Pelman Language Courses are based upon an original yet perfectly sound principle, and one of their most striking features is the fact that they are written entirely in the particular language (French, Spanish or German) concerned. There is not an English word in either of them. Even if you do not know the meaning of a single foreign word you can study these Courses with ease, and read the lessons without a mistake, and without "looking-up" any words in a French-English, Spanish-English or German-English dictionary. This statement seems an incredible one, yet it is perfectly true, as you will see for yourself when you take the first lesson.

GRAMMATICAL DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.

Another important fact about this new method is that it enables one to read, write, and speak French, Spanish or German without bothering one's head with complex grammatical rules, or burdening one's memory with the task of learning by heart long vocabularies of Foreign words. And yet, when the student has completed one of the Courses, he or she is able to read Foreign books and newspapers, and to write and speak the particular language in question accurately, grammatically, and fluently, and without that hesitation which comes when a Foreign Language is acquired through the medium of English.

The process of learning a Foreign Language by the Pelman method is an extremely fascinating one. The difficulty of teaching Pronunciation by correspondence has been overcome in an ingenious way, and personally I am surprised to find how quickly I am acquiring a complete mastery of the particular language (French) I am studying.

The Pelman method of learning Foreign Languages by correspondence is fully explained in an illustrated book entitled, "How to Learn Foreign Languages," and I strongly advise those who are interested in learning French, Spanish or German to write for a free copy of this book to-day.

Everyone who wishes to learn FRENCH SPANISH or GERMAN without difficulty or drudgery should post this coupon to-day to the Pelman Languages Institute, 110, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1. A copy of "How To Learn Languages" will be forwarded by return, gratis and post-free, or readers can call at the above address and get a copy of this book for themselves.

COUPON.

To the PELMAN LANGUAGES INSTITUTE,

110, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of "How to Learn Foreign Languages," together with full particulars of the New Pelman Method of Learning French, Spanish and German.

(State which language particularly interests you.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

. . Sports and Sportsmen by ROWLEY MILE . .

Scientific Racing.

Next week there will begin, in these pages, a series of short articles written by an ex-handicapper, dealing with scientific racing from the punter's standpoint. I have no doubt whatever that the reader who takes a scientific interest in racing, and who has the time to make a study of the game, will find the articles of use.

A Passion for Doubles.

For my own part, I find the money-wasting method is to try to find winners every day—not one winner but several. My own passion is for doubles, and I have pulled off a great number, sometimes to big money. Indeed, I am satisfied that if I were content with three doubles and one treble a day to a modest amount I should make a steady income.

Ignoring the Bob Punter.

I often think that those who write about racing, and for racing folk, do not sufficiently realise just what racing means to the average supporter of the game, and I am perfectly certain that not one in twenty knows how the little punter bets. Years ago, when I was controlling the sports pages in a daily newspaper, I made a point of giving a "slip tip." In other words, I gave a paper in which I put the amount to be invested and manœuvred the "up and down," "stakes on," "any to come" intricacies, about which the highbrow writer knows little or nothing, but which is the blood and bones of modest punting.

£200,000,000 a Year.

It is the little punter, more than the professional backer and the big men of Tattersall's, who keeps the game going, and undoubtedly he is not catered for. Racing is England's greatest industry in the sense that it has the largest turnover of any. A modest computation is £200,000,000 a year. There are over 8,000,000 consistent bettors in this country, and their average investments must be something like 8s. per diem. The exact figures are impossible to secure. In Tattersall's and the Silver Ring not less than £50,000 is "turned round" every race day, and on big race days that £50,000 is nearer £750,000—apart from the turnover of the offices, the street bettors, etc.

Missed Revenues.

The immense revenues which the Government loses because it resolutely shuts its eyes to the ingrained passion of the British for a gamble is only too apparent. If ready-money bookmaking were licensed, I know two men who would gladly guarantee a million a year and a five per cent. commission on turnover for the sole concession.

What Won It?

At the moment of writing the result of the Manchester November Handicap is not known. My money is down on Irish Belfry, and, win or lose, I think, on consideration, that my choice is justified.

Our Jumping Tips.

This week we begin our "off season" selections, and these will continue until March, when, with the opening of the flat at Lincoln, I shall again take charge of the "tipping department." And round about that time I shall have a few novelties to present to you. Watch the training reports during the winter, and note what work Pondoland is doing. There is one who is coming back to his best.

Spring Doubles.

The Prize Optimist (there are four of them in my letter bag this week) wants to know my double for the Spring Handicaps! God bless you, sirs, for your simple faith. Pondoland and Masked Man.

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

Poole has some nice horses in his stable for the N.H. season.

* * *

The jumping game enlists more and more influential support every year.

* * *

Follow Sangot over jumps.

* * *

Wildfellow will win soon.

* * *

Old Hairpin II. should win at the first time of asking.

* * *

Follow favourites in the first few weeks of the N.H. game.

* * *

"Norton will win no Grand National," writes a good judge.

* * *

If any reader has won the first prize in Duggan's sweep, let him send a whack to the "Greatest of These."

* * *

By the way, Duggan's Grand National Sweep is to be on the big scale.

* * *

Pharos was my free tip for Saturday—my other runner was Pictura.

* * *

I am keeping the addresses of my free tip readers for the first good thing I hear about over the sticks.

* * *

Jeff Cohn really is leaving the French Turf. Batho will have some of his horses next year.

* * *

How old is Old Kate—does anybody know?

* * *

A season at jumping often turns a rogue into an honest horse.

OVER THE STICKS.

Adorna to Jump.

Adorna is not to be allowed to eat the corn of idleness this winter. She has joined Batho's string to be schooled over hurdles.

—and Precious.

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen is one of the most recent acquisitions to the list of "jumping" owners. He has sent Precious and White Satin to Lambourn to be "schooled" by Major Bell.

—and Firedrake.

Firedrake, who carried Lord Howard de Walden's colours with some distinction on the flat, is a recruit to the ranks of the "timber-toppers." He has joined Tom Leader's string.

Payne to Epsom.

W. Payne, who for many years has had a string of jumpers in training at Farthingstone, has migrated to Epsom.

Escott's Accident.

Popular "Tony" Escott is temporarily kept out of the saddle by a somewhat curious mishap he met with at Aintree. On Martes, in the Grand Sefton, he was following in the wake of Norton, when the latter "refused," and in wheeling round from the jump caught Escott full in the face with his head. "Tony" was badly cut about the head and jaw.

The Fatal Martes.

Escott can scarcely cherish pleasurable recollections of Martes, for it was when riding the same horse that he received injuries which kept him out of the saddle for many weeks last season.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Balthazar.—This good-looking horse is much better over hurdles than on the flat. A born jumper, there are more unlikely things than his developing into a National winner.

Scapin.—Somewhat unreliable on the flat, this colt is having his attention turned to the jumping business. News to hand suggests, moreover, that he shows considerable aptitude for the game.

Vico.—This horse, who has recently changed stables, has done remarkably well since being under Poole's charge. He can be trusted to hold his own in handicap steeplechases.

Wandoo.—It is not often Stanley Wootton allows a promising "hurdler" to slip through his fingers, but if all that is heard concerning this filly is correct, she will pay her way over the "sticks."

Blazing Corn.—This is one of the fastest steeplechasers in training, and it will always require something out of the ordinary to take his number down over two-mile courses.

Brotherhood.—Not altogether without reason, this colt enjoyed the reputation of being a "dog" on the flat. He has, however, taken kindly to hurdling, and may win races.

Halberdier.—Lord Denman's horse was a shade unlucky not to have won outright at Sandown Park, and being a fine natural jumper, the probability is he will pay to follow.

Trash.—Although he is no stranger to hurdling, this brother to Tetrabbazia has yet to win his spurs at the game. He is expected to do so in the near future.

Santavon.—Whatever may be his limitations on the flat, this horse has remarkably few superiors over hurdles, for he combines jumping ability with plenty of pace and stamina of a high order.

Alderton.—Albeit taking to the game somewhat late in life, this horse shows plenty of aptitude for the jumping business, and his clever trainer will probably get a minor hurdle race out of him.

—SELECTIONS—

The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.

NEWBURY (WEDNESDAY)—

1.0 **Archie's Girl** (Tim, Rocklight II.).
1.30 **Troika** (Sweet Mavourneen, Lusiad).
2.0 **Lukewarm** (Manrico, Devonport).
2.30 **Sans Doute** (Kirkharle, Firing Line).
3.0 **Joseph The First** (John Peel).
3.30 **Silver Ring** (Good Points, Gerald L.).

NEWBURY (THURSDAY)—

1.0 **Chat Chat** (Krooner, Raybarrow).
1.30 **King's Carol** (Prickly).
2.0 **Groomsport** (Ditchley, Bar Gold).
2.30 **St. Bernard*** (Super Man, Alcazar).
3.0 **Brownstown** (Burly, King George).
3.30 **Ardonagh*** (Heathencote).

KEMPTON PARK (FRIDAY)—

1.0 **Yewden** (Troika, Penseroso).
1.30 **Irlandais*** (Archbishop).
2.0 **Messina** (Ilderton, Trout-call).
2.30 **Mile End** (Santavon).
3.0 **Lydia White**** (Norton).
3.30 **Good Points** (Archbishop, Penseed).

KEMPTON PARK (SATURDAY)—

1.0 **Bedella** (St. Eloi, Ilderton).
1.30 **Daisy Cutter** (John Chick, Governor Wood).
2.0 **Portmore**** (Hairpin II., Vico).
2.30 **Charles Surface** (Dorado, Z.Z.).
3.0 **Manrico** (Regent's Park, Craig).
3.30 **Groomsport** (Cruiser Arc, Ditchley).

Best Thing of Week

PORTMORE

On Saturday.

John Bull's Footballers

No. 11.—A. WILSON (Middlesbrough).

I CHOOSE an appropriate moment to say a few things about Andy Wilson because the football world is still rejoicing over his recovery from an operation due to an old war wound.

The best centre-forward in England since G. O. Smith, Wilson on the field is a deception. He assumes an attitude of complete indifference to the crowd, the players, the referee and the ball also. He will move around in a restricted place in the centre, apparently thinking of the existing rate of exchange or the result of the 4.0 race. Then all at once the ball comes to him. His detachment has led to the opposing backs giving him some space, and the result of that is usually a Wilson goal. They are beginning to tumble now to Wilson's supposed disinterestedness.

When in real action you will never see Andy making any wild rushes for goal. He knows that is not football. His craft, indeed, is approached by no other modern centre-forward, and none is more deadly near goal. Most of them shoot harder, but Wilson prefers direction to speed, and rarely does he fail to place the ball in the net where he intends it to go, that is, with any reasonable chance.

Yet it was only by chance that Middlesbrough discovered Wilson as a leader of attack. They got him from Cambuslang as an outside-right, and he would not have moved to the centre at all but for Elliott's indisposition.

Then for a couple of years Wilson was the most-talked-of man in British soccer. He would not re-sign for Middlesbrough, and the club retaliated by refusing his release.

However, the trouble was all patched up, and Andy is again delighting English crowds and on the way to further Scottish representation.

Off the field, there is nothing he likes better than billiards, and very useful, too, he is with the cue.—C.P.S.

Next Week:—W. Hardy (Cardiff C.)

A 17/6 Pen for 8/9 and a sporting chance to win £3,000—see page 2.

The Ball Game

What King Winter's Sportsmen are doing in the Field. Teams and Players who will make good

AMONG the many successful football selections in our issue of November 18th was a combination of three drawn games against which most layers offer 33 to 1.

The Scottish Type.

No other Scotsmen playing in this country better represent their national style than do the inside-rights M'Kay, of Blackburn Rovers, and Crosbie, of Birmingham. The ball control of each is both sure and dainty and both hold on to the leather as long as possible so as to make a real opening. All that each requires is a little more ginger near goal, but then if they had dash they would probably not be the entertaining players they are.

Scouting.

Newcastle United have fairly heavy playing resources, but they are seldom satisfied on Tyneside, and with two or three of the first team men getting towards the veteran stage, old wearers of the Magpies' colours in Andy Aitken and John Finlay have been—and perhaps still are—scouting in the south of Scotland. Two youngsters more than one English club are interested in are Curtis and Gray, of the Queen of the South, which sounds more like a yacht than a football club.

Moore Doing Well.

Moore, late of Sunderland, is doing some good work in West Ham's forward line. This slimly built inside-left is not of the more familiar Second Division type, but he can find an opening with a deft touch or two of the ball as quickly as do men who just barge through. With a really good outside man as his partner Moore would be even more useful than he is.

Worth It.

Jimmy Broad is again getting most of Stoke's goals. His score last season was 25, or twice as many as any other player in the side, and Millwall now realise they did not make a very great bargain when they let Broad go to the Potteries, even if a nice little cheque changed hands over the transaction. Broad would be invaluable to his old side nowadays,

Panic.

Cardiff are so panicky over results that in one recent game they were driven to playing Grimshaw at centre-forward. He is one of the very best outside-rights in the country, but nothing more, and such silly experiments are not going to make things better for the Welsh team, nor restore the confidence of the players. A brief rest if a tried man has dropped some of his best form is all that is necessary, not the comparative ignominy involved in a month or so with the reserve team, or a trial in a position he is ill-equipped for.

The Right Man.

Bert Menlove has played a great part in a Sheffield United revival since he took up the centre-forward position, and now looks regularly booked for the job. Menlove, of course, was with the Palace until late last season and moved North when the state of the Palace's finance prompted an acceptance of the Sheffield club's proposal. With Menlove successful in the centre the United will improve 25 per cent., as the other positions are satisfactorily filled.

£13 per Match.

"What does a professional draw for the actual time he is on the field" asks a correspondent. I make it about £13 a match, provided a player keeps fairly sound and appears in about 85 games. This, by the way, is calculating summer pay and the average amount in bonuses. It seems a lot, but you ask some of the pros. what they think about it. One or two have got the same views on remuneration for public entertainers as have revue artistes.

'Spurs' Problem.

The 'Spurs have had four centre-forwards this season but have not yet filled Jimmy Cantrell's place to their own satisfaction or that of anyone else. Dimmock and Grimsdell, although "born footballers," found there was even a limit to their versatility, and both failed as leaders. If he has not already appeared, I expect to see Whitton in the team soon. The 'Spurs' supporters who attend the reserve fixtures are rather emphatic about the capabilities of this young centre.

Profit.

I do not want to add anything to the Palace-Corinthian-Argyle squabble beyond indicating the remarks of professionalism and profit. There's a fat lot of money in the game for anyone except those that play it (and write about it!). Most directors are heavy shareholders, and the most they can get for their money is 7½ per cent. interest. It is seldom anything at all, but I know dozens of men who are willing to put their hands in their pockets to help a club and expect nothing for it.

Dearth of Halves.

I should say that at the present time there are, in a period of general leanness, fewer good half-backs than anything. The position lends itself to more enterprise and versatility than any other, and yet eight out of ten of the men who are drawing the maximum wage are little better than mere "stoppers," quite content to hold up the opposing attack rather than assist their own. If there is one reason why football is not up to its old standard, I should say this is it. Certainly there are not a dozen class halves in the four divisions of the English League.

FORECASTS FOR DECEMBER 2 (Nap Selections in Black Type)

Home Winners.

Birmingham, West Bromwich, Middlesbrough, **Cardiff,** Chelsea, **Sunderland, Tottenham H., Preston, Barnsley, Blackpool,** Bury, Leeds, **Leicester, Manchester U., Notts C.,** Port Vale, West Ham, **Aberdeen, Dundee, Falkirk, Hearts, Rangers,** Third Lanark.

Away Winners.

Southampton, Bristol City, Celtic, St. Mirren, Morton.

Draws.

Sheffield U. v. Aston V., **Blackburn** v. **Middlesbrough, Liverpool** v. **Newcastle, Coventry** v. **Fulham, Portsmouth** v. **Millwall,** Ayr v. Hibernians.

Suggested Coups.

3 DRAWS:—Blackburn v. Middlesbrough, Coventry v. Fulham, Portsmouth v. Millwall.

4 AWAY.—Southampton, Bristol C., Celtic, St. Mirren.

8 HOME.—Birmingham, Sunderland Preston, Leicester, Notts C., Dundee, Falkirk, Rangers.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Leicester, Notts C., Dundee, Celtic, Southampton.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Notts C., Celtic, Portsmouth v. Millwall.

Fixtures of Clubs likely to be engaged in the qualifying round of the F.A. Cup are not included in the above.

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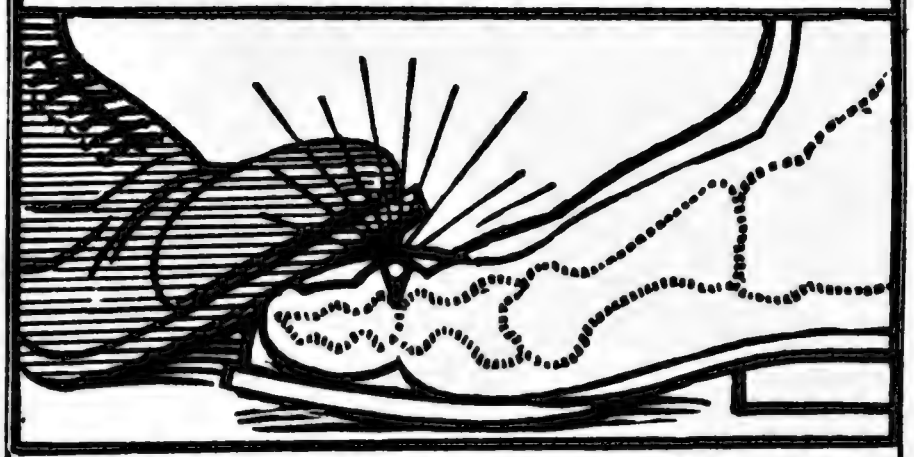

TAKE IT OUT SO THAT IT WON'T COME BACK

Don't merely cut the top off with a razor or burn it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc. That doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

The business end of a corn is the root. That is what hurts when pressed on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out.

A good handful of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers and out it will come root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and any chemist will have it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

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Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It gives you, in a clean, white ointment, the healing warmth of oil of mustard, without sting or blister.

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Of all chemists; a 2/6 jar often lasts a family for months.

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MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

The Labour Brake.

The high hopes of Stock Exchange activity based on the prospect of getting the General Election out of the way have not yet materialised, possibly because Labour came back in a more solid phalanx than had been expected. However, markets will get used to the new conditions, especially when they find that the firebrands are in a minority, and will lose their aggressiveness under the sober leadership of the older hands.

Burberry's

A share with a pleasant speculative spice about it is to be found in Burberry 7½ per cent. Preference. The company was badly hit a couple of years ago by the Textile slump, but it is pulling round. The board are now paying the arrears of dividend on the Preference shares to July 31st, 1921, and it looks as if they might shortly reduce the arrears still further. The price is about 15s., so that, assuming a continuance of prosperity, the shares certainly possess speculative attractions.

The Way to Save.

So many of my readers write for advice concerning this, that and the other Building Society that they seem to be obsessed with the idea that these concerns afford the easiest and safest means of investment in the world. Why do they not consider the rival attractions of National Savings Certificates, which they can buy by easy instalments at any Post Office? These Certificates give a yield of over 5 per cent. free of income tax, can be realised at any time and are a Government trustee security. The drawback is that you may only have £500 of them, but you may buy your wife and each child another £500.

Not Scrimgeour.

A little list of investments suggested here a few weeks ago has only partially pleased a correspondent, who writes asking me to find substitutes for one or two securities dependent on the trade in alcohol. I therefore include Tata Iron and Steel 7 per cent. Sterling 1st Mortgage Debenture Stock at 95½; Lever Bros. 7 per cent. 1st Preference shares at £1; and Mexican Eagle 7 per cent. Preference at 19s. All of these are safe as regards dividend and pretty certain to show capital appreciation.

German Threes.

Some of my readers are already interested in German Three per Cents. and others show a disposition to become so. Well, they can't come to much harm if they buy them, for they are only about 15s. apiece on the Stock Exchange. But I am not getting any for my own declining years. They might bob up serenely one of these fine days, but I would rather keep my petty cash locked up in good old Blighty than trust it to the uncertain mercies of the Hun.

The Best Policy.

There seems a possibility that the Republic of Honduras may be making a start to pay off its debt to investors in this country. For half a century it has not even paid the interest, and it is not likely to bother now about a little thing like that. However, if it clears off the principal by instalments it will rise in the estimation of all honest men. The £100 stock is being quoted at about £7, and forms a fair enough gamble but nothing more.

Why Not Be a Centipede?

"The time has come, the walrus said, to talk of many things; of shoes and shares and sealing-wax and cabbages and Kings; and why the sea is boiling hot and whether 'oof' has wings." So did not Lewis Carroll sing, but the International Exchange and Banking Corporation, Ltd., might. From its address at 10-11, Jermyn Street, S.W.1, this firm is endeavouring to sell 12½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of the Only Footwear Co., Ltd. With every ten £1 shares you buy, you get a 3½-guinea pair of boots as a bonus. Who says a thousand shares and a hundred pairs of boots? The scrip might come in useful for re-soling.

French Railway Bonds.

Those of my readers who are not unduly sensitive to the state of the European Exchanges might turn their attention to the 6 per cent. Sterling Bonds of the following French Railways, with their current market prices:—

Midi	.. 80	Nord	.. 86½
Orleans	.. 80	P.L.M.	.. 84

All of these securities were floated in this country not many months ago, and they went well at the time. The course of the Exchanges does not affect them, as the interest is payable in sterling, free of French taxation, and they have the French Government guarantee. They will be all right unless France goes bankrupt—and that is a very remote contingency.

Uncalled Liability.

I am generally chary of advising the purchase of shares with an uncalled liability, such as are mainly favoured by banking and insurance companies. The uncalled liability constitutes a safeguard for depositors and policy-holders, and usually there is not much risk for the shareholders. But occasionally the risk comes home to roost, as it now has in the case of the City Equitable. Here the £1 Ordinary and Preference shares are 4s. paid, and, owing to the failure of the company, both classes of holders are called upon to pay up the balance of 16s. per share after the concern has gone phut. Less than a year ago, the Ordinary were selling at £12 10s apiece!

City Life.

I continue to receive inquiries about the City Life Assurance Company. No inside knowledge of the position is obtainable. The actuarial position as at December 31st last is being ascertained, and a report upon it will be presented at the earliest possible moment. In the meanwhile, policy-holders should keep up their premiums.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

23—A Trade that Governs All Other Trades

THE wealth of the nation and the comfort of all of us depend upon the success of the engineer and the scientist. The politician, who vainly imagines that he counts for so much, has often stood in the way of science and rarely given it assistance.

What the nation chiefly lacks in its material development is the full application of known discoveries and inventions to the production of wealth.

Everywhere I see reflected the assumption that the nation produces an enormous amount of wealth, and that all that is necessary for the average individual is to consider how he can get hold of a considerable quantity of it. This assumption is based on a pure delusion. The nation's output is inadequate for our needs, and if we are all to get a better living we must make the nation wealthier.

The living of our great population is based upon economic coal-getting. Indeed, the nation remained both small and miserably poor until we discovered how to get and work coal. *Every other trade is commanded by the coal trade.*

For long we got coal wastefully with impunity because in other parts of the world coal-getting had not yet developed. Time has changed all that.

The collective exploitation of coal, *whether by private enterprise or otherwise,* is essential if coal is to be produced at the lowest possible price.

What an opportunity for the new Government! By enabling the mining engineer to do his work thoroughly, it can confer unexampled benefits upon the nation. It can swell streams of wealth which, flowing from our coal-mines, affect every individual in the country, rich or poor.

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J.G.—10, Hanover Crescent, Brighton, says:—"I altered a solutionist's line by an idea I got from your bright little book (winning £90 2nd Prize in 'Ideas'). I find the book of the greatest possible use, and have some excellent lines in, awaiting judgment."

STILL LATER! READ THIS!!—T.B.W——, of 148, Chapman Street, Gorton, Manchester, says:—"Aided by your 'Witty Bits' Book, I have secured the 3rd Prize £100 in 'Bullets' 462, so I forward you the 1/6 for the book which has helped me so much."

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Feeling so sure that with the aid of "Witty Bits" Book you can win prizes, as others have done, I can guarantee to send you this famous book FREE OF ALL COST on the no win—no pay system. The price of "Witty Bits" Book is 1s. 6d., but you can test its winning power first. Fill in the Coupon at foot, and I will send "Witty Bits" Book at once; you can then try it, and when you win a cash prize with it you will send me 1s. 6d. This proves without the possibility of doubt the value of "Witty Bits" Book, and also shows my confidence in its power to assist you in winning a prize. Remember, your "Witty Bits" Book will be sent to one family. Could anything be fairer? Only one book will be sent to one family, and you pay the price (1s. 6d.) out of the first Prize you win with its aid.

Now read what BUYERS of my book say:—"Amazing"; "Excellent"; "Wonderful Value"; "Delighted"; "Ripping"; "Worth four times the price asked."

Gr. M——, Military Police, says:—"Since having your book I have had the pleasure of winning on an average three prizes a month."

Miss M. R——, 91, Whitegate Lane, Hightown, Wrexham, says:—"I have won many a prize with the 'Witty Bits' I had some time ago."

Second-Lieut. L. W. N—— writes:—"You will remember my purchasing your 'Witty Bits,' etc., seven weeks ago? Well, I thought you would be interested to know that since then I have won no fewer than 18 PRIZES, both large and small, from different weekly papers, and I am sure my success is due to the very valuable assistance I have derived from your book, and I strongly advise other 'lone' competitors to take my tip and to get 'Witty Bits' without delay. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this unsolicited testimonial. I assure you that I am most grateful for your valuable assistance."—Yours very truly, L. W. N.——, Second-Lieut., 4th Norfolk Regiment.

J. E. S——, 10, Orchard Street, Yeovil, says:—"Since having your book I have won two Prizes, so enclose 1/6 herewith."

I. J. C——, 20, Carrow Road, Norwich, says:—"Received Prize from 'John Bull' to-day, and enclose 1/6 in payment of book."

W. A——, 30, Waring Street, Ballymena, says:—"The nib you sent as a free gift does all you claim for it."

A. B. C—— Roundstone, Farnham, Surrey, says:—"This week I gained my first prize in 'J.B.' with the aid of 'Witty Bits.'"

R. S——, 28, Swan Street, Bearpark, Durham, says:—"I have been the winner of several prizes with the aid of your book."

J. A. B——, 68, Hargh Road, Inverness, says:—"As a winner of over 300 prizes, including one first and four seconds, I attribute a great deal of my success to the help which I have derived from your most valuable little book, 'Witty Bits.' I consider 'Witty Bits' the best book of the kind ever published."

J. McK——, of 37, Cowper Road, Gillingham, says:—"Thanks for 'W. B.' and Gift Nib. Both are IDEAL. I can now see how, for TWELVE MONTHS, I have had such hard luck."

A. E. W——, of 43, Addington Road, London, E. 16, says:—"I enclose P.O. 1/6, as I have just received a Prize for 'Trebles' 168."

J. A. P——, 64, Jersey Road, Custom House, E. 16:—"Just got two Prizes, and enclose 1/6 for 'W. B.'"

F. N. H——, Bancks Street, Minehead, says:—"Received a Prize from 'John Bull,' Contest 463. I enclose 1/6."

W. A. C——, 8, Kingston Road, Portsmouth, says:—"Have enclosed 1/6 for 'Witty Bits' as per agreement. Just received prize in 'John Bull'—first shot."

N.B.—THESE TESTIMONIALS HAVE BEEN SEEN AND READ BY A WELL-KNOWN LONDON EDITOR.

"With the aid and inspiration of 'Witty Bits,' etc., I have won over 100 prizes, large and small."—Author.

New Edition—(196 pages.) Witty Ideas "pictured," Witty Hints, Witty Lines. Hundreds of witty Double-Meaning Words and How to use them wittily (pages 33 to 64). THINGS LOSING COMPETITORS KNOW NOTHING ABOUT. FOOTBALL, a successful GUIDE for martin; Co poms (page 96).

Specially brilliant WITTY PRESENT-DAY TOPIC Lines. Hundreds of ready-made witty LINES and phrases of (two words, three words, or four words (pages 66 to 87). Special ADVICE ON COUPON addresses (utmost importance); CORRECT way to cross P.O.s and make payable (scores of people do this incorrectly); £250 WINNER'S COUPON, a copy (an eye-opener); GRAMMAR and PUNCTUATION GUIDE (many a good idea is missed by incorrect punctuation marks). "Witty Bits" shows the correct way to use these marks—; : ? " ( ) ! :— (page 97).

You cannot do without "Witty Bits" Book! It is the "Standard Guide" for all wishing to make successful lines for competing in competitions, and many "little fortunes" have been won with its aid.

IMPORTANT.—Send immediately and I will send you with "Witty Bits" Book a really Ideal Gilt Nib for writing on Coupons; it prevents the ink spreading and so makes your chance of winning the First Prize infinitely greater. Thousands of Cash Prizes, large and small, offered every week; this is the book you need!!

III.

"WITTY BITS" BOOK Free Trial Order Form.

To E. J. O. CHRIMES, 40, SHIP ST., BRIGHTON.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to give "Witty Bits" Book a free and fair trial on the "No Win—No Pay" System, and I agree to pay 1/6 for the Book immediately I win a Cash Prize with its aid. I enclose 2d. stamp herewith for postage of the Book, to be sent me in a sealed envelope.

NAME (write clearly) .....

DATE .....1922. ADDRESS .....

E. J. O. CHRIMES, Publisher, 40, Ship St., BRIGHTON (Established in Brighton as a Publisher since 1909). Bankers:—LLOYDS BANK, LTD., BRIGHTON. Registered Telegraphic Address:—"HERBAGE, BRIGHTON."

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

YOUNG WIFE (Barnet).—"Husbands and wives should have no secrets from each other." Great stuff!

J. B. (Little Eaton).—"I want to thank you for that article on Beer prices and profits." Thank you, too.

F. G. (Wigan).—"Can you tell me why music-hall comedians always try to make cheap jokes about Wigan?" Because it's so difficult to think of a new joke.

W. G. (Wednesbury).—All M.P.s who sit in the House of Commons have to take the oath.

DISILLUSIONED (Hove).—"Married people see far too much of each other." Ever tried wearing gas masks?

SHYLOCK (Preston).—"My wife has not spoken to me for over six months." Don't advertise the fact or you will be losing her.

ICONOCLAST (Hornsey).—"Soon, soon shall your vaunted Constitution crumble to ashes beneath a hundred thousand Communistic blades." Loud sneers!

SPRIGHTLY (Lowestoft).—"Can you recommend a good health resort for the Xmas holidays?" Lowestoft.

BACCHANALIAN (Harrow).—"Did you ever hear of a political argument being worked up on cocoa?" Yes: even on less than cocoa.

P. F. L. (Salop).—"It seems to me that Nature has always divided women into two distinct classes." Precisely—sweet and divine.

DISGUSTED (Chelsea).—"A Prohibitionist, an Indian Communist, and two women—what next, I wonder?" Anyway, Winston's gone.

MENS SANA (Darlaston).—"Sunday journalism isn't so bad as it used to be." Even Sundays aren't so bad as they used to be.

G. T. C. (Bristol) and Others.—We do not have the address. And we are not a matrimonial agency.

J. T. C. (Doncaster).—"Will you join our Xmas Party?" If the engagements we have already booked fall through, we'll be on the mat at 12 sharp.

CELLIST (Reigate).—"As also I am lonely, perhaps a letter in sympathy will do no harm." Still, you should go very, very carefully.

W. G. (Staithes).—You need have no fear that the secrets of the ballot will be disclosed except in the rare event and in special circumstances of an election petition. When the votes are counted, the papers are kept front upwards, so that the counters do not see them, whilst the presiding officer, who does see the numbers, is under an oath of secrecy.

DONALD (Bermondsey).—"Where does the fog go when it clears off?" It just "clears off."

G. F. (Darwen).—"What would happen if the earth stopped moving through space?" There'd be an awful mess.

A VISITOR (Bloomsbury).—"What would you think of a cop who had his pocket picked?" We should think the thief was an excavator.

F. W. (Dublin).—Mrs. Dyer, the baby farmer, was executed on 10th June, 1896. Strange how these gruesome subjects fascinate some of our readers!

KING BEAVER (Portobello).—"If the Lord had meant man to shave, he'd have given 'em razors." He didn't give you trousers, yet you wear them.

W. J. (Blackburn).—"Can animals talk to each other?" We've constantly heard street corner orators refer to each other as asses.

PLAIN SPOKEN (Shrewsbury).—"All this talk about 'art for art's sake' is rubbish: It's your money they want." You betcher.

BOXER.—"I have been much struck by a certain black man in our district." Send for Joe Beckett.

WOMAN READER (Torquay).—"Mr. Bonar Law hasn't made a good impression on ex-servicemen. Why pander to him?" That is the last thing in the world we should think of doing.

A. M. (Perthshire).—"I see you are still in blissful ignorance of a word called Britain and constantly substitute England." We have chastised the contributor who so sadly blundered.

T. W. P. (Keighley).—"I believe that, by judicious reduction, one could eventually get on without any sleep at all." We've nearly got that way preparing our Christmas Number.

REGISTERED READER (Edmonton).—"I never read anything truer or straighter than your article on Pensions Ministry Jugglery." The man who wrote the article entirely agrees.

INSURED READER (E. Dereham).—"Does your insurance scheme cover damage caused through my son exploding a squib underneath me?" No; but if you send us the postage we'll send you a nice fat cane.

HENRY VIII (Falconer, N.Y.).—The phrase "according to Hoyle" means according to the highest authority. It refers to an early writer on the game of whist, who, about 150 years ago, published a treatise on the subject laying down many pedantic rules.

F. W. S. (Ashford).—"Has Bombardier Wells ever killed a man in the ring?" No. And isn't likely to start now.

BOB (Saffron Walden).—"I don't believe in Christmas Boxes." You will if you win the "Bullets" £1,500 this week.

SOCIALIST (Motherwell).—"Why should we have to work from morning till night?" It's the only time we get. We sleep from night till morning.

ROOSTER (Finsbury Park).—"What is the record in egg-laying, and who holds it?" We do not know the hen's name, but we think it was "Agnes."

X. Y. Z. (Bedford Park).—"I am no snob, but surely democracy is carried to absurd lengths nowadays." Has somebody been calling you "nosey"?

SPORT OF KINGS (Richmond).—"What becomes of racehorses who prove to be no good for winning races?" They keep on running 'em!

C. F. A. (Leyton).—"As one who looks forward to the arrival of 'J.B.' as one of the pleasures of these post-war days. . . ." Modesty restrains us from printing any more of your letter.

F. J. R. (Rotherham).—"I have remarkably vivid dreams, and I am sure they must mean something." Sure: they mean you've been sleeping.

A. G. (Westhoughton).—"I have considered the question and have discovered how to find employment for thousands." You're just the man needed in Downing Street.

A. E. H. (Glasgow).—"Of all the biggest humbugs on the face of the earth the Labour Party is the worst." May be. But have you ever tried the peppermint ones with big white stripes?

F. G. (Charlton).—"Why in the name of —— cannot a law be passed that no one except British-born should sit in the House of Commons?" Even that would not catch all the "duds."

S. H. (Abertillery).—"The Rev. D. J. Hiley is one of the most broad-minded preachers we have." Then would you mind asking him to sneeze to rid himself of a few of the cobwebs?

H. G. W. (Edgware).—"I am no party man, but my policy would be work for the workless and beer if and when you want it." And all sensible men agree with you.

REGULAR READER (Llandudno).—"Is it true that some of our famous writers do their best work under the influence of liquor?" Speaking for ourselves, we never drink in business hours.

L. J. A. (Woking).—"What do very large cars indicate?" A paragraph writer on the illustrated Press.

ROSE L. (Peckham).—"Just a few words about myself." Few! Why, your letter is a serial!

P. B. (Peebles).—"Do you think there is room in London for a first-class tailor?" Plenty of room, but very little profit.

F. M. (Birmingham).—"How does a soap bubble hold together?" But it doesn't for long.

J. A. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Tell your mother to see a doctor and get a certificate.

OLD READER (London, W.).—"We are troubled in this district every night with howling cats and dogs." We have just left that neighbourhood ourselves.

T. B. (Aldenham).—"If you shout loudly enough, you can get most things nowadays." So some of the new M.P.s think.

MRS. S. (Hartlepool).—"We have been married 30 years, and have never had a cross word." There are thousands like you.

SPINSTER (Rochampton).—"Is 41 too old for a girl to get married?" We repeat, no age is too old for a girl to get married.

OMEN (Walham Green).—"I'm sure all this extraordinary weather means worse to come." Cheerful little fellow, aren't you?

DRUDGE (Skegness).—"Housekeeping is much harder work than a man ever does." House hunting is ever harder work.

LOOKING AHEAD (Chester).—"If an earthquake swallowed up England, would one's losses be covered by newspaper insurance?" No, by the sea.

AUT TEMPORES (Gateshead).—"The meticulous veracity which distinguished my youth is no longer characteristic of modern juvenility." Say it with nutcrackers, Aut.

AD ASTRA (Greenock).—"With a Prohibitionist in Parliament, we are one step further toward the heaven of temperance." Who told you that Heaven was dry?

PROSPECTIVE APPLICANT (Belfast).—"What is the salary of the public hangman, and does he get a bonus on working days?" He gets a retainer, and a fee for each hanging.

IGNORAMUS (Ashby de la Zouch).—"What is meant by the 'jumping' season? Is it to see which horse can jump the highest?" We mistrust you, Ig. It's so-called because the hearts of backers are always in their mouths.

S. W. P. (Bristol).—"Some of the new Government members want putting in their proper places." Yes—and so do those elusive little members which constitute the JOHN BULL "Star of Fortune" Puzzle. Concentrate on that fact and you may win £250.

DISTURBED (Lambeth).—"We are greatly troubled at night by cats. Would it be illegal to take steps for their undoing?" We have never undone a cat—we could never find the buttons.

J. W. P. (Dublin).—"Tell me how to get a Calcutta Sweep Ticket." Why bother when JOHN BULL gives you a 2s. 6d. Voting Coupon free with a JOHN BULL Pen, which enables you to enter for a £5,000 prize distribution in the Great Poster Competition? This should satisfy your sporting instincts.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

WE NOW INSURE YOU AGAINST SMALL-POX

See Page 26.

Small Ads. Worth Watching

Continued from page 3.

CONSTIPATION, Flatulence (wind round heart), cured by Gipsies' Herbs.—Send 1/3 and 1½d. postage to Botanic, 9, Clipstone St., W.1.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE. Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonials and proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.R.H. Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44 Broadway, Grays.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the most important. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper.—L. Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

ASTHMA.—South African Cigars and Cigarettes for the relief and cure of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc. Thirty years' reputation. Liberal sample of each on receipt of 2d. in stamps to the Proprietors, 65, Elizabeth Street London, S.W.1.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES self-fitting, 1/6 each, for all Cyclists, Athletes and Pedestrians Full particulars free. Quality guaranteed.—Lancashire Rubber Co., 36, Chatsworth Street, Liverpool.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES; highly recommended for athletes, cyclists, etc.; 1/6, post free; better qualities, 3/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest price.—Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.B.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

OVERWORKED NERVES.—If your Store of Energy is lowered by overstrain or illness, send for convincing trial supply of a wonderful new remedy that acts instantaneously on jaded nerves, restores lost vitality, and strengthens the system. — Enclose 6d. stamps to the Dorcot Laboratories (Box 3), 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?—For immediate advice and assistance on all Business, Financial, Domestic or Accident Troubles or difficulties of any kind, consult Henry Lowe, Beak Street Chambers, 14, Beak Street, Regent Street, W.1.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell the Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

SEND that 2d. stamp for free sample of "Mend-a-Tear." It will show you how to mend any tears in clothes without a stitch, in a few minutes. Macintoshes, too.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN A DAY.

A customer writes: "Your treatment is simply splendid. I was cured in one day, and have now lost all craving completely." Thousands of others have proved how easy it is to master the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for descriptive booklet and particulars of this genuine Treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room 4B), Bacton Rd., London, E.W.6.

XMAS GIFTS DIRECT FROM FACTORY

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 GIFTS & FREE PRIZES

Send your address now to H. SAMUEL for his

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 XMAS GIFTS

You save enormously by buying direct from the Factory, and there are lists of splendid

FREE PRIZES

for all buyers.

Send a Postcard To Day.

H. SAMUEL LTD.

190, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Diamond & Gem Rings. Over 500 fine designs for selection, from **15/-**

EXPECTANT MOTHERS

who suffer from

MORNING SICKNESS

take

LIREEN

the safe and reliable cure.

Send p.c. to **FITZROY, JAMES and PARTNERS** Manfg. Chemists, 54, Gracechurch St., LONDON

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interested in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:—

"The small photo taken from a football group willshow you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair, previous to the baldness, was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff."

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) JACK EVANS.

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years. Please use coupon or copy it.

TEST-BOX Coupon.

Fill in name and address and post with 6d. in stamps (or P.O.) to **JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 R.), London, W. 1.**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

BUILD UP YOUR BUSINESS

—and use this *Proved* Method.

JOHN BULL Want-Ads. are an invaluable factor in building up a business. They conquer by sheer persistence. A Small Ad. in "Small Ads. Worth Watching" will bring you in contact, at low cost, with every section of the community.

For proof of the pulling power of JOHN BULL Want-Ads., *or in sending an Ad., address The Advertisement Manager,* JOHN BULL, *59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

BEACON OILSKINS

will keep you dry always

Men's Coats from 18/6, Ladies' from 27/6, Children's from 17/6 (3-year-old size). Adult's Sou-westers 2/6. Long Leggings, 5/6. All guaranteed against stickiness, leakage, or dissatisfaction on money back methods.

Illustrated List Post Free. Send p.c. for it to **BARBOUR, LTD., 67, Beacon Buildings, South Shields, England.**

KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE

UPON YOUR HEALTH AND TAKE BEECHAM'S PILLS

A JOLLY XMAS PARTY

"John Bull's" Programme for the Festive Season

WOULD you like to join a real hearty, jolly, cheery Christmas party? Why, of course, you would.

First let us tell you something of the party, who you will meet and what they will talk to you about. They are all very nice people, and immensely entertaining. Most of them you know already, through the columns of JOHN BULL.

There will be, for example, Mr. Harold Owen, who undertakes to let us into the secret of the last Cabinet meeting; Hodgson Burnet, who brings Dickens down to date. Will Scott is to talk on Christmas Luck; Barry Pain will set a test; Frank Holland will present his own Christmas Pantomime.

Ashley Sterne's mission is to explain "How to Make a Christmas Party Go." This one, in any case, will go with a swing. You will be very glad you are in it.

Then A. F. Mason will address "Bachelors Only"—though you will not be turned away because you are a matron or a spinster. Harold Begbie will give you his ideas of "What Christmas Might Be." G. C. Lawrence is to introduce "Two Fairies"; and Heath Robinson, that genial humorist, will give the whole game away.

K. R. G. Browne will tell you of the Man Who Caught the Christmas Spirit. Harrison Owen will narrate his experiences of a night in Tophet, and how he fraternised with the Devil. Thomas Burke has chosen for his subject "Sixty Years After." Seamark tells a thrilling yarn, and Edgar Wallace expounds a moving mystery.

Of course you want to join this splendid Christmas party. Well, you can. The entrance fee is only sixpence. All you have to do is to hand it in at a bookstall or to your newsagent this week-end, and you will get the JOHN BULL Xmas No.

WHAT JOHN BULL PAYS

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or **£125**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or **£250**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum **rent** during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home & Garden.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for **ALL ACCIDENTS.**

Emergency Benefit.

Smallpox—£3 per week (payable up to 6 weeks) should registered reader be totally disabled as a result of contracting Smallpox.

CUT HERE

J.B. 2.12.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.P. 2.12.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

The Shop Window.

THE Great Hospitals Competition will appeal to the sporting instinct as well as to the charity of many of our readers. There is no worthier object than our hospitals.

Carpentier is probably the best-dressed and smartest-looking boxer in the world. The photo of him in S. A. Barry and Co.'s advertisement is a good one. We learn that "Jock" Rutherford the famous Arsenal player, has followed his example, and that this prominent firm have just made the great footballer a complete outfit of tailoring.

Forsyth & Co., of Leeds, offer an excellent "4-in-1" raincoat for men and women. These are excellent value.

The attractive "Black Cat" Cigarette advertisement on our front cover will be of special interest to the fair sex. The idea, apparently, is to cause the ladies to persuade their gentlemen friends to smoke "Black Cats."

The Reudel Bath Saltrates advertisement may not be pretty, but it graphically expresses its object. Reudel Saltrates are not only excellent for foot troubles but are splendidly refreshing in an ordinary bath.

The Pelman Languages Institute offer an excellent system for learning foreign tongues easily. This should appeal to many of our readers, for "the more we know the faster we go."

The gramophone offered by the Cabinet Gramophone Company is a handsome machine. As it can be obtained either for cash or on deferred terms there is no reason why anyone should be without music this Christmas.

The Victor Company offer an interesting race game which will give the thrills of Newmarket without the inconvenience and expense of going there.

The illustrated list of wood-working tools offered post free by George Adams should certainly interest those who know how to use their hands.

Christmas presents have a habit of tugging unpleasantly at our purse-strings. It is with the greatest pleasure in the world then that we acquaint our readers with a way to recoup themselves this Christmas. We refer to our offer of a 2s. 6d. Voting Coupon in the Great Poster Competition which is given absolutely free with every JOHN BULL 8s. 9d. Pen. The coupon makes anyone eligible for the first prize of £3,000, and the total prize distribution amounts to £5,000, so there is more than a sporting chance of a prize.

FURS
AT REAL
BARGAIN PRICES.

Owing to rebuilding of our Regent St. premises our enormous stocks of **seautiful Furs must be cleared.** The finest selection in London to choose from. Inspection invited or a postcard will bring illustrated Catalogue.

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.,
146, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
Showrooms on first floor

Result of "Bullets" Competition No. 465.

(*Continued from opposite page.*)

10 Prizes of £5 each:

HAROLD MILNES, 24, Drewry Lane, Derby:
MANY A MISS—COLONIES COULD "DO WITH."

D. J. MORRIS, 36, High Street, Clydach, Swansea:
THE LITTLE ONES—OFTEN "OPEN PARCELS' EYES."

WILLIAM J. LLOYD, Parkside, 13, Manor Road, Ipswich:
COMIC CUTS—"FINANCIAL TIMES"—UNDER SOCIALISM.

WILLIAM COLE, 10, Woodfield Road, Ealing:
SHE SAID TO HIM—"WE'RE 'ONE' IN IT."

GEORGE J. PAPPS, 3, Wellesley Road, Ilford:
IN A FOG—"YES—OUI—JA."

A. C. SHARPE, Stanley Villa, Ballards Lane, Finchley, N. 3:
TEN YEARS WED—MARTYR TO WIFE'S "COMPLAINTS."

HAROLD GROVES, 12, Wimbourne Road, Lodge Road, Birmingham:
SHE SAID TO HIM—"DON'T GLORIOUS UNTO CHARLES."

Mrs. L. FEATHERSTONE, 13, Foxbank Street, Cheetham, Manchester:
QUICK WORK—CRISIS SHOWING UP CHARACTER.

P. A. RAYNER, 17, Market Place, Banbury:
REMEMBER—YOUR MEMBER ISN'T PARLIAMENT.

JOSEPH THOMPSON, 2, Rutherglen Street, Belfast:
THE BRITISH LION—EXHAUSTED AFTER CHASING SHADOWS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

C. WILSON, 16, London Road, Scottish Corner:
TURNING THE CORNER—REDUCTION IS NOT NECESSARY.

J. C. MEAD, 79, Caversham Road, N. W.:
JOY IN STORE—FOR FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH.

Mrs. F. R. ENGLISH, The Grove, Henbury, Nr. Bristol:
QUICK WORK—OR GOOD NOVELIST'S PLOT.

Mrs. S. G. WITCOMB, Middle Street, Yeovil:
COMIC CUTS—BEFORE COUNCIL APPOINTS PEACE.

G. DRINKWATER, 16, St. Pauls Parade, Chelmsford:
THE LITTLE ONES—ARMIES CONTAINING MANY GENERALS.

S. A. HESELGRAVE, 13, Malmsbury Street, Brixton Park Road, S.E.:
A STIFF PROPOSITION—KEEPING TWO LADIES IN CLASSES.

H. M. INNES, Wayside, Warminster, Wilts:
SO SIMPLE—BUY YOUR OWN CHOCOLATE.

C. W. CLAYDEN, 10, Irwell Street, Bowling Bank, Wrexham:
ONCE UPON A TIME WILHELM DROPS HIS CAMERA.

A. GREAVES, 123, Brunswick Road, Poplar, E.:
YOUNG PUPPY—LION WHEN FACING MISS.

J. COLLINS, 3, Ordnance Row, Portsea, Portsmouth:
MANY A MISS—PUZZLED WHY GRUNDY MOVED.

A complete list of 100 Turkey Prizewinners in Competition No. 465 will be sent on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope. This list will also be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal."

A list of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

GRAVES
GENUINE
SILVER KEYLESS LEVER
A true timekeeper under all conditions. Perfectly adjusted, fully jewelled, & fitted in strong handsome English Hall Marked Sterling Silver Cases Price 50/-
DELIVERED to your approved order for 5/- with order. Balance in 9 monthly payments of 5/- if quite satisfied. Send for list that all Guaranteed.
5/- WITH ORDER
CATALOGUE FREE Write for Catalogue of high-class Watches and lovely Jewellery for Engagement Rings, Bracelets, Brooches, Necklets etc. at the keenest prices and on the Easiest Terms
J.G. Graves Ltd Sheffield

"John Bull's" Great Xmas Gift Offer

AS in past years, JOHN BULL is again offering its readers a Free Gift Coupon which entitles them to a special reduction of One Shilling off the price of JOHN BULL Pens. Readers desirous of availing themselves of the JOHN BULL Pen Gift Coupon, which is reproduced here, are particularly requested to send their applications early to ensure delivery in good time for Xmas.

The Manager, "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT.
87, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

List of Models.	Price.	With Gift Coupon.
No. 1.—"Standard" Model	3/-	2/-
No. 2.—"De Luxe" Model	4 3	3/3
No. 3.—"Safety" Model	6/-	5/-
No. 4.—"Screw Cap" Model	7/-	6/-
No. 6.—"Stylo"	3 6	2/6

Postage and Insurance on each Pen, 3d. extra. Pocket Clips 2d. each. State whether fine, medium or broad nib required. Every Pen is fitted with a 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, Iridium tipped.

A 9688
One Shilling
Xmas Gift Coupon
THIS COUPON accepted as One Shilling part payment of any one of the JOHN BULL Pens listed. Only one Coupon for any one pen.
Available to December 31st, 192[illegible]

"Bullets" Record Christmas Box!!!

£1,500

2ND PRIZE £250

10 PRIZES OF £5 · 10 PRIZES OF £2·10
50 PRIZES OF 10/- · 100 PRIZES OF 5/-
1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6 · 3,000 TARGET PRIZES

3RD PRIZE £100

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 465.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

MR. T. WOOLTORTON,
A 9 Ward, Milton Infirmary, Portsmouth.

Example :—BIT TOO MUCH
Bullet :—EXPECTING "RETURN" FROM MESOPOTAMIA.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

MR. A. W. BRADGATE,
25, The Gardens, East Dulwich, S.E. 22.

Example :—TURNING THE CORNER
Bullet :—INTO BEDROOM—HOUSE CONGESTION

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

MR. E. WATERHOUSE,
1, Fairhaven Road, Bolton.

Example :—SO SIMPLE
Bullet :—UNBRAZILER THINER PUTTING BACK

(Continued on Page 28.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 468.

CHRISTMAS DINNER
FILLING THE STOCKING
KISSING
BLAMELESS LIFE
IN THE MINORITY
TIDY FIGURE
ON THIN ICE
PLEASING MAID
WHEN DUSTMAN CALLS
HOPE DEFERRED
AS OTHERS SEE US
BACK AND FRONT
WHEN ASKED
ON A VISIT
ON PAPER
AT A PINCH
WELL DRESSED
ACTING THE GOAT
A NOVELTY
SINK OR SWIM

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21st.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **468** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 468, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the List of Examples for Competition No. 468.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet.** This example will guide you: Example :—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet :—WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 468, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 14.
Example _____
Bullet _____
(468) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 14.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(468) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 14.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(468) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 14.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(468) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 468.

MY CHRISTMAS BOX
OUR SALVATION
SOONER THE BETTER
PARTY GAMES
HIDDEN TREASURE
BETWEEN TWO FIRES
IF
MAIDEN SPEECHES
ALL I WANT
A LONG STOCKING
LOVE
SOFT ANSWERS
HARD TO MASTER
CONTENTED STATE
PRICE OF FREEDOM
LOVELY LIAR
A WEE MISS
IMPOSSIBLE
WHEN WIFE'S ASLEEP
AUNT SALLY
BED OF ROSES
WHAT FATHER SAYS
DEAREST
FRIEND OR FOE
WORTH A TRIAL
GOLDEN DAWN
TWINS
HOW IT BEGAN
WET OR FINE
UNCALLED FOR
GOOD FEW
AT FIRST SIGHT
NOT BORN YET
STUFFING
TO BE CONTINUED
NEXT TIME
RAISING THE STANDARD
SUITABLE PRESENT
AT CHRISTMAS
A NEW TOY

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES

Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 468 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

SIMPLE STORIES OF SUNLIGHT STREET

The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

THE HEALTH OF THE YOUNG GIVES THE DOCTOR DELIGHT IN SUNLIGHT STREET CLEANLINESS MAKES HIS WORK LIGHT

Fresh Air and Pure Soap—Health demands both.

Let the children have plenty of fresh air, and see that they and their clothes are washed with pure soap. Instinctively we know why the air we breathe should be pure, but we are apt to overlook the fact that the pores of the skin will absorb impurities—direct from an impure soap's lather or from clothes washed with it. The sense of smell is our protection against atmospheric impurities—common sense and the £1,000 guarantee of purity protect every user of Sunlight Soap.

Sunlight Street is the great Highway of Health—
It is a Thoroughfare of Thorough Cleanliness.

£1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON EVERY BAR.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

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